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Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.

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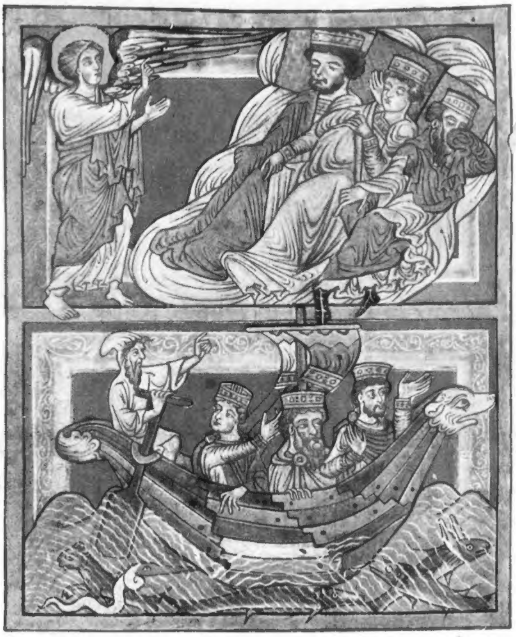
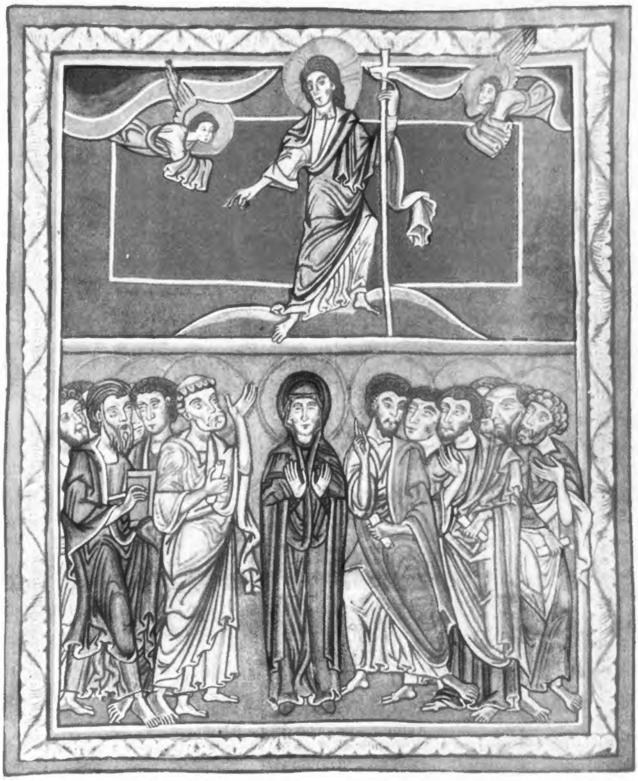
Sunday, Aug. 26, 1934

WHERE THE "OLD MASTERS" GOT THEIR INSPIRATION



The Angel Announcing the Birth of the Saviour to the Three Kings, and the Kings Returning Home After Their Visit to Bethlehem.



The Saviour's Ascension, a Remarkable Example of an Illuminated Manuscript Eight Hundred Years Old.

THE illuminated manuscripts and miniatures of the old monks are valued not only for themselves, but because they furnished the inspiration for all our modern art of painting.

The study of art has proved that the much admired old masters, the great artists of the Renaissance period and the years just before it, drew their inspiration from the monastic illustrators. The art of painting has progressed by long, slow stages since the prehistoric men first made drawings on their cave walls. The Greeks and Romans had fine painters, and then came a period following the fall of the Roman Empire when darkness fell over the earth, and all art and culture took refuge in the monasteries.

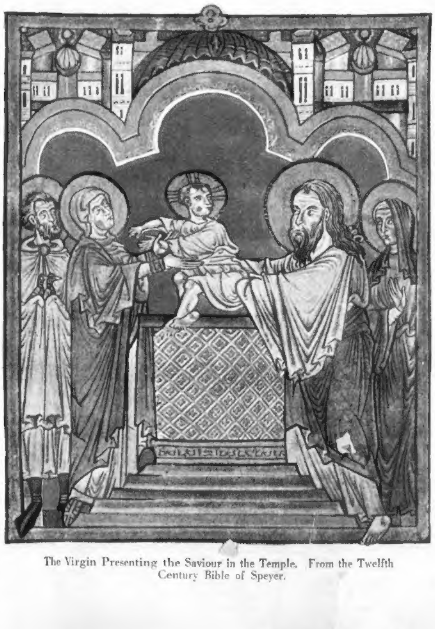
There were countless thousands of monks throughout Europe who had little to do. One of their principal occupations came to be making colored miniatures of the Bible stories and sacred characters, in which they expended immense labor. An excellent early example of their work is the famous Bible of Speyer, some pictures from which are shown here.

At the approach of the Renaissance the development of wealth and luxury caused the kings, princes and rich merchants to desire new decorations for their houses. Ingenious men with the artistic impulse then conceived the idea of making copies of the monastic miniatures on a large scale on wooden panels. These were the first paintings.

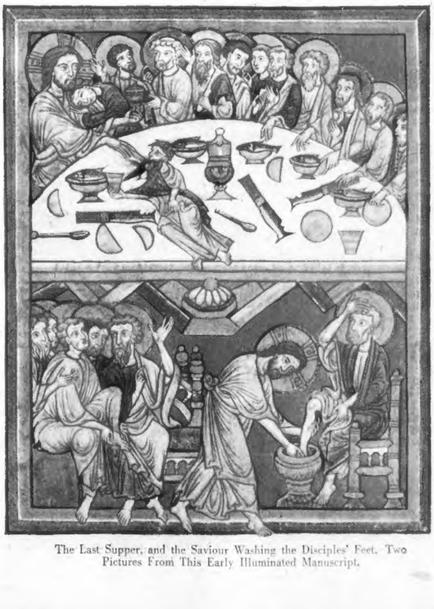
The beginning was made early in the fifteenth century, and soon men like Raphael, Titian and Botticelli were making paintings for the palaces of Popes and Cardinals and great families like the Medici and Colonnas.

For centuries the monks had made only small pictures on parchment. The first artist who conceived the idea of making pictures of large size was an ingenious and daring innovator. At nearly the same time oil paints were perfected.

Many of the great painters of the Renaissance period were petted by kings and princes and maintained in almost royal luxury. Thus the simple miniatures of the poor monks led the way to art on a grand scale.

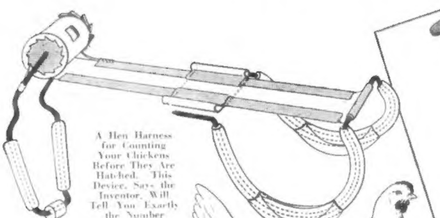


The Virgin Presenting the Saviour in the Temple. From the Twelfth Century Bible of Speyer.

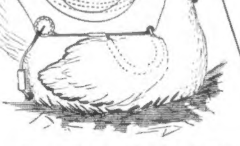


The Last Supper, and the Saviour Washing the Disciples' Feet. Two Pictures From This Early Illuminated Manuscript.

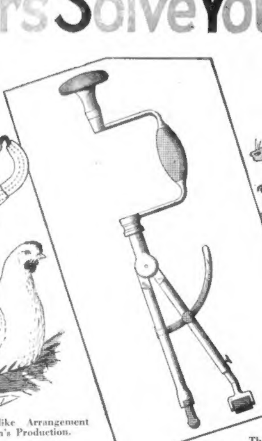
Let the Inventors Solve Your Problems



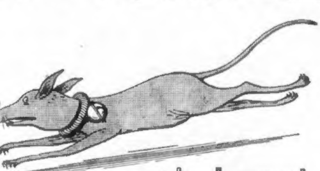
A Hen Harness for Counting Your Chickens Before They Are Hatched. This Device, Says the Inventor, Will Tell You Exactly the Number of Eggs Laid by a Hen—If the Hen Survives Wearing the Machinery.

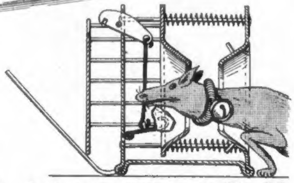


Showing How the Clock-like Arrangement Keeps Tab on the Hen's Production.

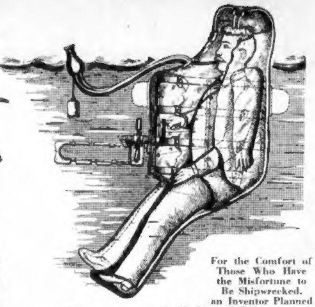


This Is Not a Carpenter's Tool, but a Machine for Literally Drilling Dimples Into Your Cheeks or Chin—If You Really Must Have Dimples.





This Trap Automatically Fits Out the Rat With a Collar, to Which a Bell Is Attached. The Idea of the Bell on the Wandering Rat Is to Frighten Off All the Other Rats in the House.



For the Comfort of Those Who Have the Misfortune to Be Shipwrecked, an Inventor Planned This Luxurious and Mechanized Life-preserver, in Which a Victim Can Sit Comfortably and Propel Himself, While Breathing Through a Tube and Admiring the Scene From Windows.

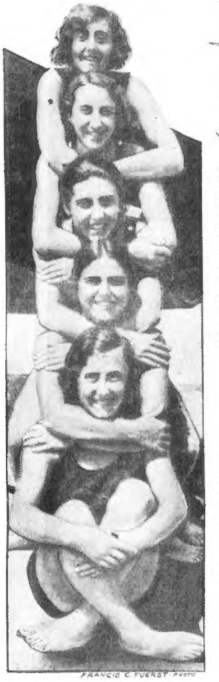
THE answer to almost every problem that confronts the human race can be found in the spacious and cluttered archives of Uncle Sam's Patent Office. If some of the "answers" have gone unhonored and unsung, it is not reflection on the good intentions of the imaginative men and women who conceived these intended boons to humanity.

Take, for example, the "Laying Register for Fowls," shown above. It would, if it worked, give poultrymen an accurate record of the number of eggs laid by every one of their biddies. The device was a harness-affair with straps that fastened under the hen's wings and a roller that was suspended beneath the bird's tail. As the inventor had the machine doped out, each egg would fall on the roller which was attached to a simple adding machine that, automatically, registered the output.

Back in 1896 one Martin Goetze, resident of Berlin, Germany, perfected the contraption that looks like a carpenter's bit. It is, according to the patent papers, a "device for producing dimples." The method of operation was to hold the knob firmly against that portion of the anatomy where a dimple was desired. Then the "bit" was revolved so that the roller—seen at the end of the other arm—could massage the surrounding flesh and keep it from wrinkling while the artificial dimple was being installed.

It was some years later than Uncle Sam saw fit to grant a patent on an idea that never found favor with the modern "pied pipers" whose business it is to do away with rats and mice. As the two sketches show, the machine consisted of a trap which slipped a bell-bearing collar about the rodent and then released him to return to his destructive fellows. According to the official wording of the patent papers "the bell-rat, as it may be termed, in seeking its burrow, or colony, announces his coming by the sounds emitted by the bell, thereby frightening the other rats and causing them to flee, thus practically exterminating them in a sure and economical manner."

More ambitious and involved than any of these inventions was the mobile life preserver conceived by the facile imagination of George B. Shepherd, of Grayson, Kentucky. As the sketch at the extreme right of the page graphically shows, the device was intended to make shipwreck a safe and comfortable adventure for the sea-going traveler. The victim was not exposed to the water and sat comfortably in a form-fitting bag equipped with a hand-turned propeller, an intake for fresh air and windows installed at eye level so that he could keep his eye peeled for passing ships.



Italian Bathing Girls Simulating a Totem Pole on the Shores of the Mediterranean.

Swam Their Way Into Marital Bliss

THE bonds of matrimony are, in most places, regarded as holy. More often than not they are tied by clergymen who conduct the traditional service with appropriate solemnity. The sober and sacred nature of the event usually is imparted to the bride and bridegroom. But now and then there are lovers who feel the urge to break away from custom and say their "I dos" in some spectacular and unorthodox manner.

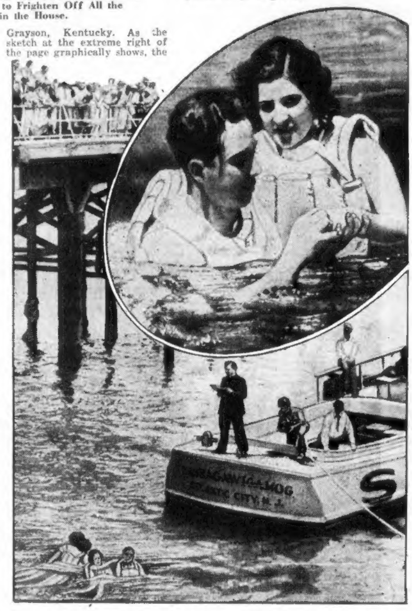
Such a couple were Charles L. Pearson, Jr., and Ida Swinamer who, for some reason best known to themselves, thought it would be jolly to become man and wife dressed in life preservers and bobbing about in the wild sea waves. They thought it only proper that the parson who joined them should don similar equipment and bob about with them but had to be content with a minister who stood on the stern of a motor boat and read the nuptial service. One of the pictures shows the ceremony and the other is a closeup of Mr. Pearson slipping the ring over his bride's finger.

The marriage, performed offshore though it was, was anything but private, for it was celebrated off one of the piers at Atlantic City and several thousand "guests" packed the pier and stood on the boardwalk, entranced by the unusual sight.

The Pearsons did not take their floating wedding as lightly as might be supposed. They were serious about their vows and did not look upon the ceremony as a gala event. They were as happy as newlyweds are supposed to be and, according to the husband, "Plumb forgot" where they were when they fell into a watery clinch after he had slipped the ring on Miss Swinamer's finger.

If, in the opinion of some of the "guests" ashore, the ceremony seemed to lack dignity with the bride and bridegroom having to tread water and use their arms occasionally to keep upright and side by side, it was none-the-less official and authentic. The Pearsons were launched on the Sea of Matrimony as completely as though they had paced slowly down the aisle of a cathedral and knelt on the velvet cushion before the candle-lighted altar.

"Some of our friends," said the happy bride right after she and her husband swam ashore and changed from their bathing suits and life preservers into their street clothes, "told us we were all wet to get married that way. Well we were, but we're very much in love and expect to live happily ever after and get along swimmingly together."



Charles A. Pearson, Jr., and His Bride, Ida S. Swinamer, Being Married While Swimming at Atlantic City. In the Inset, the Bridegroom Is Shown Placing the Ring on the Bride's Finger. The Event Was Hailed as the Season's Oddest Marriage Ceremony.

The Human Totem Pole

THERE are, of course, no red Indians at Italy's smart watering places on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, and the architects of ancient Rome did not go in for totem poles. But one dark-eyed Signorina who had, in her travels around the world, visited Alaska and seen many of those towering wooden monuments had the inspiration to build a human totem pole for the edification of her friends spending a week-end at an Italian Summer resort.

After a brief description of a totem pole as she remembered it, she and four other young women formed themselves into one—as the photograph above shows.

Rochester Dramatizing Historic Leap

ALMOST every American community that has been a going civic concern for a hundred years stages a gala celebration of its centennial. These festive occasions usually are cut in the same pattern. The schoolchildren dress up in their Sunday best and parade with the police, the firemen and the members of fraternal orders. The Mayor mounts the flag-decked rostrum and orates, and at night the sky is bright with fireworks. More often than not there is no dramatic highlight to make the day memorable except to the celebrants themselves.

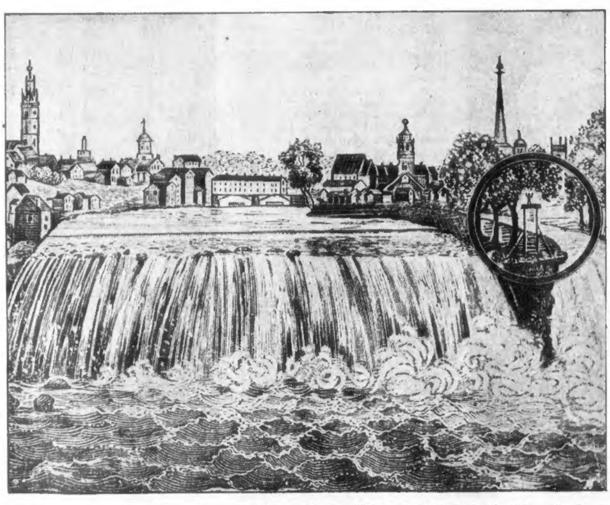
The good people of Rochester, New York, who are, at the moment, celebrating a century of existence and progress, have a feature in their show that is bringing people from miles around. Twice a day a man leaps from a tower into the roaring torrent at the foot of a waterfall and, presumably, drowns.

This is much more than a stunt to attract Rochesterites and spectators from far and near. It is a dramatic re-enactment of an event that helped put Rochester on the map way back in 1829. On a cold November day in that year, one Sam Patch, a nervy young bucko of 22, whose death-defying stunts set an example for the "human flies" and flagpole sitters of a later day, plunged from a tower erected beside the 125-foot Genesee Falls—and was next seen months later, an ice-covered corpse. His body was picked up in the river miles below the falls.

All Rochester went into mourning for the late Mr. Patch because his fatal leap had been reported in papers all over the country, thus widely publicizing the community.

The officials in charge of the centennial celebration called for volunteers to duplicate the daring performance of Sam Patch and offered $500 as a reward. Dozens of men responded to the call but none of them got the job because enough Rochester citizens rose up to protest. If the modern counterpart of Sam Patch went the way of the daredevil of 1829, the city would be guilty of "murder."

So it came about that the fellow who leaps into the torrent twice daily performs his maneuver on the platform of a gigantic stage, from a tower that stands beside a miniature man-made waterfall only 20 feet high. But spectators find the feat thrilling—as well as historically accurate—because the performer stays under water until the curtains are drawn and appears to come to the same sad end that was the lot of Sam Patch.



Old Wood-cut of the Genesee River Falls, at Rochester, N. Y., Over Which Sam Patch Leaped in 1829. The Event Which "Put the Town on the Map," but Resulted in Patch's Death, Is Being Dramatized During the Rochester Centennial Exposition. The Spot From Which the Leap Was Made Is Shown Inside the Circle.

How Much "Chuck" Can a Woodchuck Eat?

THE rangers of Yellowstone Park, who ought to know what they are talking about, say that, for its size and weight, the woodchuck is the champion of the animal kingdom. A woodchuck's philosophy, if any, seems to be "get all you can while the getting's good."

Among the 'chucks in Yellowstone Park—and no one knows how many hundreds of them make their home in this national beauty spot—the championship honors for stowing away incredible quantities of assorted edibles go to a couple of females of the species familiarly known to the rangers and to visitors as Tillie and Gluttony Gert.

Jack Cronic, superintendent of the boat dock at Yellowstone Lake, is responsible for the report that he recently tested the capacity of Tillie who, at a single sitting, caused to disappear within her small interior: three blueberry pies, four large candy bars, two jelly rolls, half a dozen sandwiches and, as dessert, two bags of salted peanuts. Five minutes after this conglomeration was within her, she was back at the boathouse door scratching for more.

Gluttony Gert may, or may not, have to concede the big eating crown to Tillie. That isn't officially known because the woodchucks never have been brought together in a finish match. But Gert is good, too, the rangers say.

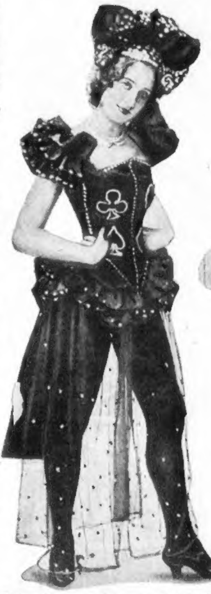
Not long ago, when she came around a rangers' cabin browsing for food they provided her, as an opener, with ten man-sized flapjacks, each of them as big as a platter. She tossed these off with ease and lapped her chops for the next course, which consisted of four candy bars. On top of this mass went a sack of cookies and three hard-boiled eggs. When the last egg had disappeared Gertie wandered off—not to sleep, or die of indigestion, but to nibble grass.

The rangers are not at all puzzled by the extraordinary appetites of the woodchucks in their domain because they know that the animals are packing in food against the cold Winter months when the 'chucks—like their bigger cousins, the bears—curl up for the long sleep of hibernation.

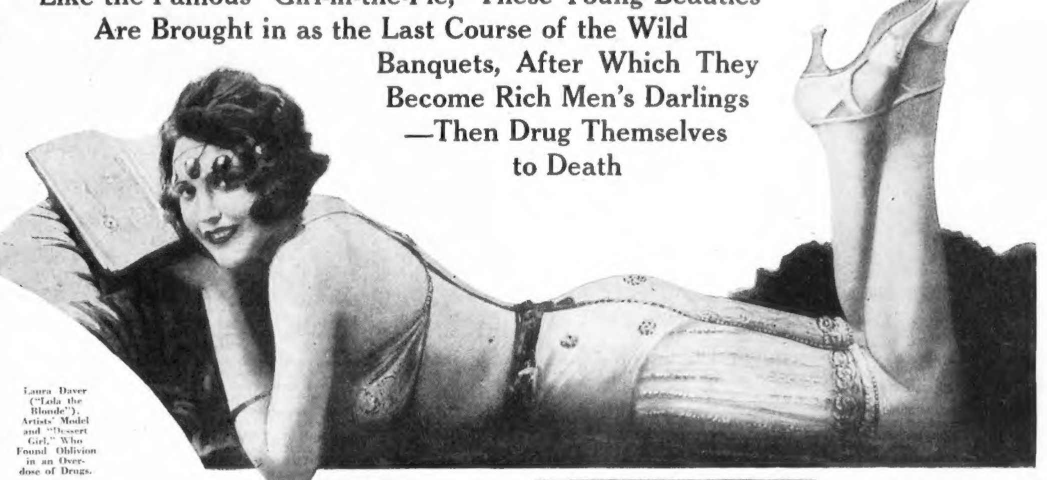
In the Spring, when the woodchucks come out of their holes, they are thin and scrawny, because the food they have packed into them and converted into fat is used up. But then the stuffing process begins all over again and when it's time to "hole up" again the animals have waxed sleek and fat and have more than trebled their Springtime weight.

Strange Suicides of Lovely Parisian "Dessert Girls"

Like the Famous "Girl-in-the-Pie," These Young Beauties Are Brought in as the Last Course of the Wild Banquets, After Which They Become Rich Men's Darlings—Then Drug Themselves to Death



Sadie Johnson, the Original "Girl-in-the-Pie" of the Famous Stanford White Dinner, Which Was One of the Events Which Led Up to His Killing by Harry Thaw.



Laura Daver ("Lola the Blonde"), Artists' Model and "Dessert Girl," Who Found Oblivion in an Overdose of Drugs.

PARIS, Aug. 16.

TWO more "dessert girls," Mademoiselles Laura Daver and Luce Ghislaine, are in the Potter's Field from overdoses of drugs.

A "dessert girl" is one who is so young and perfect in form and face that she has been brought on in a huge dish of fruit and flowers, as the last course of some wild and extravagant banquet.

Parisians modestly admit that the "dessert girl" is not a French invention. They will all tell you that it is a development of the "girl-in-the-pie" inspiration of Harry Thaw, whom Paris respects as craziest of all rich Americans. This is about as near right as the French get most things about Americans. It was Stanford White who arranged to have Sadie Johnson, an 18-year-old artists' model, step out of a monster pie at a wild-eyed, "pie-eyed" dinner in the New York studio of James L. Breese.

Later, Harry Thaw killed Stanford White, not over Sadie, but Evelyn Nesbit. The only connection in fact was that Evelyn on the witness stand testified solemnly that Harry had told her how White, after the dinner, had taken the pie girl to his apartment in the top of Madison Square Garden. He had later callously discarded poor little Sadie, who swiftly descended to the gutter and a grave in New York's Potter's Field.

It was a beautiful story over which millions wept. Sadie herself was mean enough to spoil it by turning up in the flesh and denying that she was in the grave or the gutter. She was alive, married and just going into vaudeville. However, many people prefer to believe Harry rather than Sadie, because his is a better story.

Sadie, when she emerged from the pie, accompanied by half a dozen fluttering doves, presumably to indicate innocence, wore a wisp of transparent something which at least made pretence of clothes. The French "dessert ladies" are served as nude as an anchovy.

The reason so many "dessert girls" come to tragic ends seems to be the same that causes ill fate to pursue beauty-contest winners. It turns their heads at such an early age that they lose all judgment and prudence. For one thing, they are all artists' models, and being a model is hard, poorly paid work though honest enough. After appearing before a crowd of tipsy millionaires the poor, little honest model gets plenty of propositions to stop being poor and honest. Not many of them have sense to refuse the "easiest way."

The main difficulty in being a rich man's darling has always been that there were at least one hundred darlings to every rich man, and since the depression that ratio has grown many times worse. Thousands of hungry darlings in this city would gladly get their old, virtuous, hard jobs back but someone else has a stranglehold on them. That was the story of Laura Daver and Luce Ghislaine. Each was only twenty-one, yet they looked old and felt worn out and done for.

In Paris when a beautiful young woman discovers that the "easiest way" is not easy at all but a nerve-wracking, heart-breaking nightmare, instead of starting all over again on the right path, in a new place, while she is still young, she seems bent on making the damage irreparable by becoming a drug addict.

The other day Luce Ghislaine committed suicide by swallowing a handful of veronal tablets. She had told several persons that she would do that unless they stopped blaming her for the death of her chum Laura, usually known as "Lola" Daver, whom she had taught to take drugs. Worse than that, the police had investigated her drug activities and a prison sentence seemed likely. Prison would not have been unbearable except that she knew they would cure her by shutting off all narcotics. The one thing in all the world the drug fiend dreads most is to be cured of the habit. It is not a pleasant experience and many prefer death.

Lola had first gotten her name on a banquet menu as "dessert girl" when she was only seventeen years old, and immediately graduated from model to rich man's darling. Unfortunately this Summer Lola was sharing a drab little room at the Hotel de la Paix, with a young man known as Jean le Cafard ("Johnny the Cockroach"), good-for-nothing son of an eminent Parisian physician.

The evening before Lola's death, she spent at the Dome Cafe at Montparnasse, with her chum Luce Ghislaine, whose age and life story were almost identical except that Luce had many more admirers, and, on the whole, seems to have been more prosperous. It was Luce who had first taken to drugs and taught that supreme stupidity to Lola. That evening, however, they seem to have been drinking rather than taking narcotics, at first.

According to the police, a person who pretended to be connected with the Peruvian Legation, walked out of the cafe with the girls at about 3 o'clock in the morning. Jean told the police that about four hours later, Lola had stumbled into their little hotel room. The young man wanted to know where she had been but was told to mind his business.

"By the way, what is your business?" asked M. Devaux, inquisitor at the Rue Delambre Police Station. While the young man hesitated in replying, a policeman answered for him:

"His business is cheating at cards."

The "Cockroach" looked a bit pained at such untactful bluntness but he did not deny it and went on with the story. Seeing that it was after seven o'clock, Jean thought he might as well get up and while he was dressing, his sweetheart was reversing the process, finally throwing herself across the bed, with no more clothes than when she appeared as a "dessert girl." Before leaving, Jean said that he had suggested that she might catch cold sleeping that way. To this she replied:

"No, I am suffocating. I have taken much heroin and am fatigued. You fatigue me, too. Get out of here."

Johnny the Cockroach obeyed and after spending the day in some of the unlicensed gambling dens, returned to the room early in the evening.

To his surprise, Lola was lying on the bed just as he had left her with the marks of a hypodermic needle plainly visible on her thigh and breast. Her eyes, encircled by blue rings, her pale lips, pinched nostrils and convulsive breathing frightened him, and he summoned a doctor, who ordered her to be taken at once to the nearby Cochin Hospital. Here she passed away during the night, without regaining consciousness.

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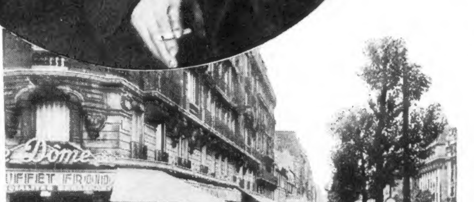


The Cafe le Dome, One of the Favorite Resorts of Models and French "Bohemians," Where Lola, Luce and a Mysterious Drug Addict Called "The Peruvian" Were Seen Together on the Night Before Lola's Death.

——And Above——

Luce Ghislaine, Lola's Friend, Who Killed Herself Two Weeks After Lola's Death—the End of Another "Dessert Girl." Photograph Taken in a Montparnasse Bar.

According to the stories of local drug addicts and night-patrol girls questioned by inspectors, Mlle. Daver had frequently been warned to keep away from the "Peruvian." It seems he had a hobby of inviting young women to his apartments, where he offered them morphine, heroin or cocaine, promising a substantial reward to the one who could consume the greatest amount in a limited time.

Odette—an after-dark professional of the Rue Vavin—stated she had been to more than one cocaine orgy staged by the South American. On two occasions, she carried off first honors by rubbing vaseline in her nostrils, which permitted her to sniff large quantities of the powder without any disastrous results.

The police have not yet been able to find the "Peruvian," but even if they don't it is safe to say that he will hold no more of those drug tournaments for women, at least in Paris. They got hold of Lola's chum, Luce Ghislaine, who said she had parted with her and the South American just outside the door of the cafe, and therefore knew nothing of how and where she got the overdose of drugs. Nobody has proved that Luce was legally responsible for that last and fatal one but investigation showed that she was morally to blame for all her drug taking.

Lola met Luce some two years ago and finding how similar their lives were, the pair became fast friends at once. Soon Lola was telling her new chum how despondent she felt after those everlasting nights of forced gayety and the pretence of a love she did not feel.

"As I try to go to sleep in the gray light of the morning," she told the Ghislaine girl, "I realize that this is leading me steadily downward. How long will it be before I am a down-and-out at one of the seaports, and how long after that before I'll jump from a dock? Don't you ever have thoughts like that?"

"Of course I do, or, rather, I would if I didn't have some medicine to cure such nightmares," Luce replied. "Like you, I feel despondent, weary; I hate the men, I hate the hideous music, the false hilarity, the stupid, half-drunken talk. I want to shoot myself or jump into the Seine. But I just put a pinch of this little powder on my hand and sniff it into my nose.

"Voila! The music becomes sweet, the men are no longer homely, their silly talk is interesting, everything becomes as it should be. Try it."

Of course the poor little fool did, and, sure enough there was a brief intoxication followed by the inevitable reaction which can only be driven away by another dose.

Thousands of benevolent people have spent millions of dollars in making sure that the whole world will know the horrors of the drug habit. As a result every child knows all about it, and yet every year new armies of recruits replace the addicts who have gone the way of these two girls.

The beauty of both girls faded under the drugs but Lola's the more rapidly. As she lay on the morgue slab, in a cruel, white light, it was noticed that lines were appearing in her young face that should not have been due for another fifteen years. The girls were seen haunting the various dives where the "elixir of idiocy" is to be had in its various forms.

Lola Posing for the Distinguished French Sculptor, Jules Oursin.

One of these was a certain bar, where, in 1930, M. Ramon de Francia, military attache of Venezuela, was drugged and robbed of $1,000. It was related that two men, experts at slipping drugs into a glass unseen, were deputed to do it for de Francia, whichever got the first chance. Unfortunately they both did it and the victim died, which caused a lot of bother for a while, but seems to have long since been forgotten.

The police not only questioned Luce about her drug-taking and its connection with her friend's death, but they shadowed her. The moment this became known, she was refused admittance to all the dens where once they had gladly sold her dope. It became increasingly difficult and expensive to keep herself supplied, and the first time she was caught with any in her possession it meant prison and the cure. So Luce took the easiest way out of her troubles.

These two girls being beautiful but dumb, like so many beauty contest winners, it is no great mystery that they made such complete messes of their lives. But some people who are not morons take to drugs and turn out quite as badly. Regine Flory by hard work, talent and beauty rose so high on the French stage that she threatened to eclipse Mistinguett, who was older and should have been the one to worry and lose her head. Just at that crucial moment Regine took to cocaine.

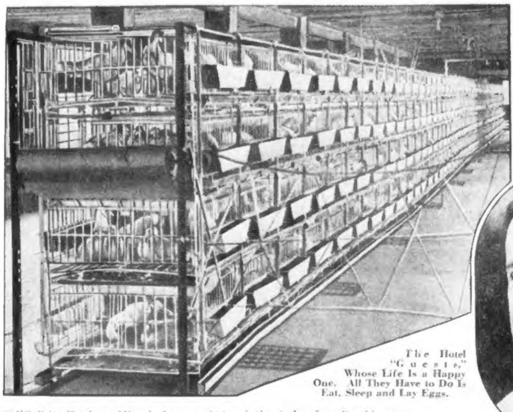
When Mistinguette heard of this she laughed and prophesied that her rival's end would come soon. It did. Mlle. Flory was passionately in love with Sir Alfred Butt, director of the Drury Lane Theatre of London. Her love seems to have been reciprocated until he discovered her drug habit and severed all relations. Regine demanded one last interview, flying across the Channel from Paris to Sir Alfred's office. Unable to win him back, she pulled a revolver from her bag and right there, across the desk, blew out her brains. It was easier than giving up the dope.

Sacha Lyo, an extraordinarily talented singer and dancer, as well as something of a painter, at the age of seventeen turned on the gas and killed herself. The reason, according to a note she left, was that her admirer, a wealthy and elderly Egyptian, had changed his mind about marrying her. Reproached with this the Egyptian said:

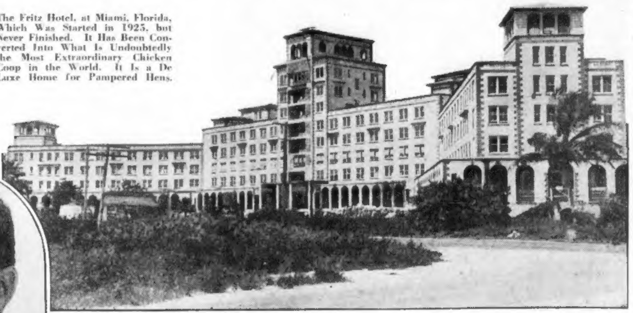
"Why should anyone marry a drug fiend? I told her to choose between drugs and me." She preferred drugs and death. It is said that she once appeared as a "dessert girl," but it is hard to see how that caused the tragedy.

Jenny Golder had beauty, wealth and was not an addict. A success on the stage, she had everything to live for and nothing to die for, yet she killed herself, with the vague explanation that she must expiate her success. Again Paris notes that she was a "dessert girl" once.

A 500-Room Hotel That Serves as a Chicken Coop



The Hotel "Guests," Whose Life Is a Happy One. All They Have to Do Is Eat, Sleep and Lay Eggs.



The Fritz Hotel, at Miami, Florida, Which Was Started in 1925, but Never Finished. It Has Been Converted Into What Is Undoubtedly the Most Extraordinary Chicken Coop in the World. It Is a De Luxe Home for Pampered Hens.

Maurice R. Harrison, Iowa Engineer, Who Is Running the Hen Hotel.

THE Fritz Hotel, at Miami, begun back in 1925 and left standing incompleted, a grim reminder of the Florida boom, has been converted into what is believed to be the world's most palatial and unusual chicken coop. More than $100,000 had been invested in the 500-room hotel when the bubble burst and its owners decided to abandon the project.

Maurice R. Harrison, a graduate engineer from Iowa State College, who had made the study of poultry his avocation, saw the empty hostlery as an ideal, not too expensive and strategically located poultry plant. He talked with the owners, took a 20-year lease on the building, converted it into an enormous hen coop and went into the chicken and egg business. Today 60,000 white leghorns cackle happily in the structure and produce hundreds of dozens of fresh eggs daily.

The enterprising Mr. Harrison uses the "battery" system, originated in Denmark and used successfully by large poultry farms in Minnesota and New Jersey. Not one of his hens has ever scratched in the dirt and from the time they are 12 hours old his chickens are caged under hospital sanitary conditions. Each has its individual wire cage, 17 inches square, with its private drinking fountain of freshly flowing water and its private food trough filled always with a supply of scientifically balanced mash feed. All the hens have to do is eat, sleep, drink, strut around their comfortable cages, cackle and lay eggs. As long as a hen produces eggs it is treated as a welcome guest. If it falls down on the job it gets the axe, or other quarters. Each hen must lay 140 or more eggs a year or it cannot remain as guest at the Hen Hotel. As the eggs are laid they roll into a trough, making it convenient for the eggs to be gathered and easy for employes to keep a daily record of each hen's production.

Each of the four floors of the Hen Hotel is 600 feet long and wide enough to permit six batteries of cages abreast. Each battery is likewise 600 feet in length. The cages are cleaned once every three days by a crank, roller and belt system. The dirt from each battery drops automatically into a pit or chute which drops into barrels in the cellar of the building. This dirt is a valuable by-product and tons of it have been sold as fertilizer.

Harrison sells practically all his eggs to local and state dealers. He is constantly adding new batteries and new hens. He sells one-half his hens yearly and sends carloads of baby chicks by air to Latin-American farmers and poultrymen. Through his system of economy he needs only eight helpers. Harrison's business has almost doubled over last season, and, unless something unforeseen occurs, there is little likelihood that the Hen Hotel ever will be completed for human occupation.

Killed the Former Trapeze Artist for $2.75

THE fate that took Alice Martin from an obscure farm in southwestern Indiana and made her—as Alice De Garmo—one of the most skilful trapeze artists under the "big top" and on the stage, recently sent her to an untimely grave, the victim of a drunken hill billy who clubbed her to death because she owed him $2.75.

It was five years ago that Miss De Garmo came back to the family farm in Derby, Indiana, to bury her father and to settle his affairs. With her went a dozen trunks filled with costumes, stage gear and mementoes of her 26 years as an aerialist. One trunk was crammed with scrap books filled with programs and newspaper clippings attesting to her fame.

For five years the once famous "Queen of the Trapeze" lived the simple life on an isolated farmstead that overlooked the winding Ohio River. She kept much to herself and hobnobbed little with her neighbors. It was after no one in the neighborhood had seen her for several days that an investigating party, made up of farmers and officers of the law, went to the Martin place and found the house unoccupied.

A blood-stained club of wood in the backyard was the clue that led the searchers across an open field to a mound of newly turned earth. Beneath this mound, in a shallow grave, they found the body of Alice Martin. Her skull had been bashed in and a gaping wound showed that her throat had been cut.

Suspicion immediately attached to Ernest Wright, a hill billy who had done some work about the place and who had disappeared about the time that the people of Derby began to wonder why they hadn't seen Alice Martin.

Wright was arrested and was tricked into a confession of the crime by detectives who showed him two sets of his fingerprints. One set, they said, had been taken from the bloody club.

The officers expected the farm hand to reveal frustrated love for the "Queen of the Trapeze," who never had married, although she was more than ordinary good looking, or to admit that the motive was robbery. They were amazed when Wright told them that he had killed the woman because she had refused to pay him $2.75 owed him for work around the farm.

"I had been drinking," mumbled the murderer, "or it never would have happened. I came up to her as she was walking from the barn with a lantern in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. I demanded my money and when she told me to get off the place or she'd shoot me I hit her over the head with a club. I hit her some more after she fell to the ground. Then I took out my penknife and cut her throat. I dug the grave back of the house and hid the body there. I didn't think anyone would ever find it."

An Old Photograph of Miss Martin Taken Just Before She Embarked Upon Her Theatrical Life.

Ernest Wright, Who, the Police Say, Has Confessed to the Crime, and Who Directed Them to the Grave Where He Had Buried the Body of His Victim.

Alice Martin, Known in the Circus and on the Vaudeville Stage as Alice De Garmo, Whom the Farm Worker Killed Over a Small Debt on the Indiana Farm to Which She Had Retired After a Glamorous Career.

Fighting Hard Times With Worms

DOWN on the Maine coast, fishermen in some localities are fighting hard times with worms—common, ordinary clam worms.

About three years ago a shrewd New Yorker discovered that the so-called clam worm is in a class by itself as a bait for sea bass and other sporty fishes, either in salt or fresh water. Going eastward along the coast he found that nowhere else are clam worms so abundant as on the rock-bound coast of Maine.

The greatest activity in the clam worm industry seems to be at Back Bay, Portland, and around the famous clam flats at Pine Point and Scarboro. There are two kinds of these worms, the blood worm and the bloodless worm, or, at least, so the fisherman classify them.

Nobody seems to know just why they are called clam worms for there is no evidence that clams feed upon them or that they feed upon clams. Generally, however, they are the most plentiful in clam flats.

They are found perhaps two inches deep in the flat, or as deep as two feet. Most of them are about as big around as a fountain pen and they vary in length from eight inches to a foot and a half. The worm has a horned black head which it runs in and out, and serrated sides like fine saw teeth. The diggers receive half a cent apiece or $5 a thousand and a good smart digger can easily corral 1,000 on one low tide.

The worms are packed in seaweed or wet moss in light wooden boxes, about 500 to a box, and are shipped daily by railway express in refrigerator cars or by motor truck. They arrive in New York in good condition, alive and kicking. The shippers receive from three to four cents apiece while the "ultimate consumer," the fisherman, will pay as high as 10 cents a worm, so it would seem there is money in clam worms. One worm may be cut up into pieces an inch or so long and each piece is effective bait. From Pine Point alone 50,000 clam worms are being shipped to New York every week.

These worms, despite the fact that they are worms, are true Nereids, and at times are actually handsome. The Pearly Nereid is of warm brown, but the beautiful flashes of rainbow blue that play on it in the changing lights, and the pearly opalescence of the delicate pink beneath are so conspicuous as to make it truly attractive.

These Maine clam worms have long bodies, narrowed toward the tail and divided into numerous segments with well developed appendages, a head, eyes, horns or feelers and generally a large proboscis armed with a pair of jaws, curved, hooked and strong, with tiny teeth on the inner margin.

At Scarboro Beach still another species of clam worm is found which the fishermen call "Jumping Johnnies," or "Leaping Lenas." Each step in advance on the part unearthed by the digger causes them to jump in a rapid manner, and in a series of leaps they reach the margin of the water, where it is impossible to capture them, for they swim rapidly. They are wedge-shaped in form, about six or seven inches long, with flat pointed tails, broad heads and prominent eyes.

Girl With Cat Eyes

Mlle. Edith Mera, the Parisian Beauty Whose Eyes Are as Green as Those of a Cat.

PARIS.

WHEN people tell Mlle. Edith Mera, the popular French actress, that she has eyes like a cat, she is not at all insulted, because she knows that these observant individuals are speaking the truth and, at the same time, paying her a compliment.

They do not mean, these admirers of Mlle. Mera's "windows of the soul," that she has a feline expression, that her eyes are round or the pupils in them up-and-down slits of black. They mean that her eyes are that peculiar shade of transluscent light green that is common in cats and extremely rare in human beings.

Occulists who have had the pleasant privilege of gazing into Mlle. Mera's eyes, strictly in the interest of science, of course, say that such coloring is unusual almost to the point of being unique. One person in ten thousand, perhaps, has eyes that could be called green, but not this cat-shade that suggests the color of pale jade, or the sun shining through clear sea water.

Fortunately for the actress, her complexion and her hair go with her remarkable eyes. Anyone enjoying a close-up of her features would not be smitten by the shade of her eyes, but in appreciation of the lovely ensemble of hair, eyes, nose, mouth and chin, might well be moved to remark on her extraordinary loveliness. It is only when the eyes are regarded without relation to the rest of her face that their cat-like color is conspicuous.

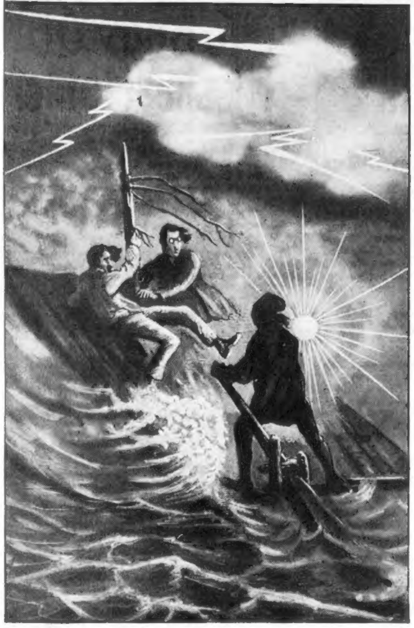
Artists and photographers from almost every country in Europe have painted portraits and snapped pictures of Mlle. Mera's comely features and, to a man, they agree that she has one of the most fascinating sets of eyes that ever graced the head of a member of the fair sex.

The stage star is, of course, flattered by their appraisal, but she takes the view that she had nothing to do with the eyes with which it was her good fortune to be born and that the credit for their fascination goes to the god of Chance.

That's why she has declined, again and again, to enter contests intended to find and honor girls with exceptionally beautiful eyes. She knows that the cat-coloring—along with her facial charms—might give her a peculiar and not entirely deserved advantage with the judges

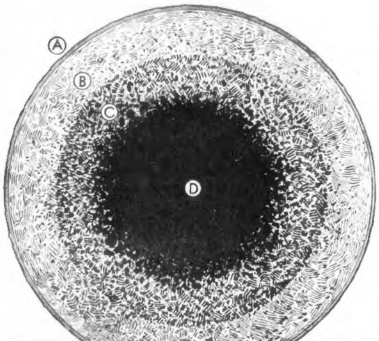
A Hole to Earth's Center to Tap Its Power

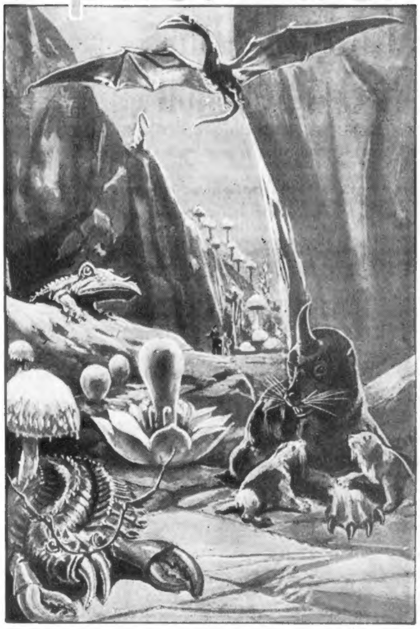
Science Considers a Plan to Bore Down and Bring Out Heat Energy in the Form of Iron and Rock Gas--But Maybe Our Planet Might Collapse Like a Pricked Balloon



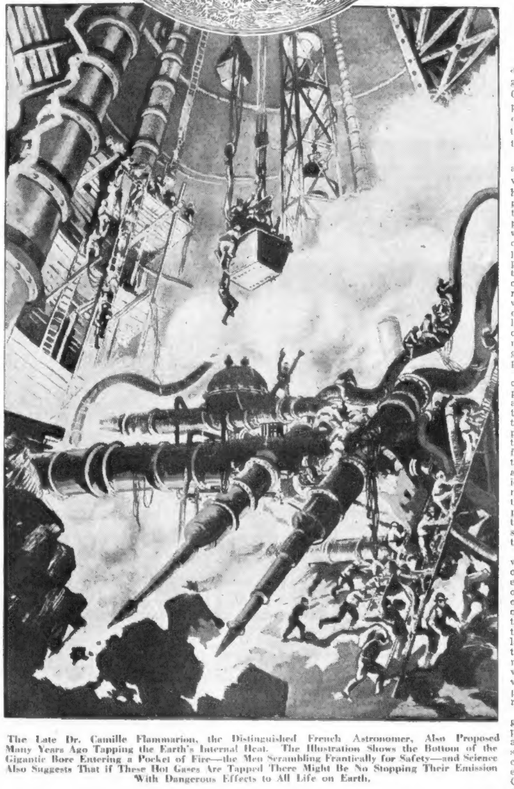
Jules Verne Conceived the Center of the Earth to Be a Vast Cavern Containing a Sea and Described Extraordinary Electrical Phenomena. An Old Illustration Shows the Adventurers on a Raft in This Central Sea While Fire-Balls and Bolts of Lightning Strike Around Them.

A Diagram of the Earth in Cross-Section Showing (a) the Thin Rind of the Crust on Which We Live. (b) Solid Rocks Which Go Down Possibly Some Scores of Miles. (c) Mixed Iron and Rock, Probably Hot Enough to Vaporize and Merging Into (d) the Iron Core of the Earth, Super-Heated and Under Tremendous Pressure.





In the Curious Book "Etidorhpa," the Writer, John Uri Lloyd, Conceived the Earth as Hollow, and a Portion of It Still Occupied by Monsters of the Past, Giant Fungi, and So On. The Illustration Is From "Etidorhpa," Copyrighted 1893, and Published by John Uri Lloyd, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The Late Dr. Camille Flammarion, the Distinguished French Astronomer, Also Proposed Many Years Ago Tapping the Earth's Internal Heat. The Illustration Shows the Bottom of the Gigantic Bore Entering a Pocket of Fire—the Men Scrambling Frantically for Safety—and Science Also Suggests That if These Hot Gases Are Tapped There Might Be No Stopping Their Emission With Dangerous Effects to All Life on Earth.

PRIOR to the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in San Francisco, a distinguished engineer of that city, Dr. C. E. Grunsky, wrote a paper on the possibility of boring holes many miles into the supposedly superheated centre of the earth, and catching and using its enormous stores of power. Before the paper could be delivered, Dr. Grunsky died, but his ideas were presented to the scientific convention and have received wide discussion.

Jules Verne, the pioneer of modern scientific fiction, whose story "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," predicted submarine warfare almost a hundred years before it took place, also wrote an interesting description of a journey to the center of the earth. While he did not conceive this center to be what Dr. Grunsky did, but as a series of passages leading to an enormous central cavern, still he did dwell upon the possibility of using the various subterranean pockets and beds of fire as a source of energy to turn the engines of man.

Whether or not scientists actually will try to drill a hole to the center of the earth in search of this heat, or whether any rich man or institution could be found to finance such an unprecedented adventure, is still uncertain, but at least Dr. Grunsky's idea is the most plausible one of the kind ever suggested.

The usual objection which engineers urge against plans to tap the earth's internal fires is that the needed heat would flow too slowly through the rock. Even at depths of ten or twelve miles the rocks probably are fairly hot, certainly hot enough to boil off water into steam. The trouble is that this would do no good. If one hole were sunk ten miles or so and some water run down it, that water would turn to steam all right, but in doing so it would cool the rocks at the bottom of the hole, precisely as it cools one's skin in hot weather when perspiration evaporates from it.

To get more than this first small quantity of heat, the owners of the ten-mile drill hole would have to wait until more heat could flow in through the rocks to the part exposed at the bottom of the hole. This would be a slow process, for rock is almost as poor a conductor of heat as is asbestos. That is why engineers always have been rather sceptical about catching any large amount of earth heat to reduce the world's consumption of oil or coal.

Dr. Grunsky's solution of the problem is a new one. He proposed to sink his gigantic well or bore-hole so deep that the solid crust of the earth would be pierced altogether. What then might happen, he believed, would be an enormous blast, blowing out of the hole, not of steam or hot water but of gaseous rock or even gaseous iron.

If one bores deep enough into the earth, the theory is that even the chemical elements of solid rocks are hot enough to be gases. They are not actually gases, not even liquid lava, because the billions of tons of weight of rocks above them creates a pressure so enormous that nothing can melt or turn to gas, no matter how hot it gets. But the instant that this pressure is relieved at one spot, as it would be by a bore-hole, rocks thereabouts would turn instantly to gases, just as water does inside an overheated steam boiler if the pressure is relieved.

Somewhere deep in the earth, no one is sure at just what depth, scientists believe that there exists a vast core of metallic iron, which was, the first part of the planet to condense at the center of the gas ball which existed before earth was formed. According to Dr. Grunsky's theory, if this iron could be reached it would be found hot enough to turn earth into a gigantic superheated boiler, the "steam" from which would be gaseous iron instead of gaseous water,

It might not be beyond the resources even of present-day engineering to devise engines which would run on this "iron-steam" and produce electric or other power. After the iron gas had finished running these engines and had condensed to liquid iron, it still would be molten iron, amply hot enough to be used to evaporate water or mercury or some other liquid, which then could be used in ordinary engines. Finally, after all the power value of the heat in the iron had been captured and extracted, the iron itself would be ready for industrial uses, providing this metal at a price so cheap that all mechanical industries would be revolutionized.

Even if it turned out to be gaseous rock that blew out of the drill hole instead of gaseous iron, everything would work the same, except that the final material probably would be made into stone block, bricks or cement instead of cast iron. All that is needed to realize these dreams of cheap power and cheap metal is to drill the bore-hole which Dr. Grunsky imagines. Unfortunately, engineers regard this as quite a task.

At present, the deepest mine, well or drill hole of any kind penetrating into the earth is one in the South Belridge oil field in central California, the depth of which a few weeks ago was measured as 11,377 feet, not quite two miles. This hole was drilled for oil and is only five inches in diameter at its bottom. If it is drilled still deeper, it will be necessary to make the hole still narrower, so that tools to do the further drilling can be sent down and pulled up through the present hole.

To accomplish Dr. Grunsky's hopes from a rock-gas or iron-gas drill hole, would require not only a much larger hole, many feet in diameter, but one which penetrated to depths of a hundred miles or more, in order to reach regions where the hot gases obtained might have large proportions of iron or stone in them. Just now there probably is no engineer or scientist in the world who would take a contract to drill such a hole, but that does not say that there never will be. Only a few years ago, a drill hole even two miles deep would have been called a fantastic impossibility. Perhaps one a hundred miles deep, or even a thousand miles, may be possible after a few more years of scientific and engineering progress. Certainly, scientists wish that Dr. Grunsky's hole can be drilled or dug somehow or other, if for no other reason than to see just what it would discover about the earth's materials and interior.

Another great imaginative writer, from the scientific side instead of the fictional one, was the famous French astronomer, the late Dr. Camille Flammarion. He, too, devoted his attention to the possibility of a giant bore hole into the globe in search of information, but expected to reach nothing more fantastic than vast stores of heat, steam and other vapors. He concluded that the engineering machines already available to the science of thirty years ago should be capable of drilling the hole, and he made one suggestion of even more interest today, when all the world's governments are making work to provide financial relief for their distressed citizens. Flammarion suggested that labor to work the machines and drill the hole should be provided either by actual soldiers kept under arms but with little to do or by a kind of civilian army recruited and paid for the purpose.

Both the French astronomer and the recent California engineer in the person of Dr. Grunsky saw as the chief purpose of drilling a hole the acquiring of scientific information. It would be very important to find out what ores are there.

All of the gold, silver, copper and most other metals which the world possesses are believed to have crept up slowly during past ages from the depths of the earth in the form of tiny percentages, dissolved in hot waters filtering up through cracks in the rocks. In some places these metals were deposited slowly along the sides of these cracks, to make the veins of metallic ores which miners now extract and use. If a hole were drilled deep into the earth, one product from it might be larger supplies of these waters or steam jets carrying valuable metals; possibly even gases of gold or silver as well as the expected gases of rock and iron.

Enormous supplies of power certainly would be obtained, provided the project worked at all, for there is little doubt that the earth's interior actually contains a gigantic store of heat penned in there since the creation of the solar system by the fact, already mentioned, that the rocks which form the crust above do not conduct heat rapidly. Nearly all the heat originally present in the materials of the earth when these were first pulled out of the sun at the time of formation of the solar system, presumably are still there.

Geologists report that the world's known reserves of coal, oil and other fuels are equivalent to about 6,000 billion tons of ordinary coal. Probably still other coal beds, oil fields and so on remain to be discovered, so that the total fuel resources of the earth may be several times larger than this. There certainly is enough coal and oil now in sight to supply all the world's needs for centuries, provided the annual use of fuel and power does not increase too rapidly.

This enormous store of coal, gigantic as it is in tons, compares with other known but inaccessible power sources as a sand grain to a mountain. Calculation of the quantity of the earth's internal heat which Dr. Grunsky's plan proposes to tap, shows that this heat probably equals what would be produced by burning about 80,000,000,000 billion tons of coal; more than ten million times the entire known coal reserves of the earth. This would be enough to supply all the present-day users of power and heat all over the world for about forty billion years.

If Dr. Grunsky's plan succeeded and all the world's heat, light, electricity, transportation and the rest were provided by earth-heat from now henceforth forever, the earth probably would become lifeless by drying up or some similar catastrophe long before its inside heat would be exhausted and its heart turned cold.

Computing all the rain that falls on earth and every bit of power exerted by this rain in flowing back into the ocean, the world's theoretical maximum of water-power turns out to be only about one one-hundreth of the total wind-power, equivalent to about thirty billion tons of coal each year. Even this, however, is some fifteen times what the present world needs. Again, the practical trouble is that only a very small part of this rainfall collects into lakes or rivers where the flow is concentrated so that the power contained can be extracted usefully, as it is at great waterfalls such as Niagara.

Wave-power, theoretically obtainable from the rise and fall of waves on the ocean, totals a still smaller sum, computed as equivalent to about ten billion tons of coal a year, even were every wave in the world made to yield its energy to some kind of tidal motor.

All of these powers of wind, wave, water-power and so on are really kept in motion by the power of sunlight; and constitute but a tiny fraction of this gigantic sun-power. Deducting the part of the sunlight which is reflected by the outer surface of the earth's atmosphere and never is absorbed by the planet, the total solar energy which the planet does take up, and which keeps winds, rain and other features of the weather in motion, is computed as equal to about 100,000 billion tons of coal a year; about fifty thousand times more power than the world now uses and large enough to dwarf into insignificance all other imagined power sources except a few of the vastest ones such as internal heat and the energy of the earth's motions.

The power in moonlight is but a feeble echo of that in sunlight, yet the energy received by the whole earth in a year in the form of average moonlight amounts to the quite respectable figure of about 12,000,000 tons of coal; enough to keep quite a sizable city warm and active could all the moonlight be concentrated in one place. The total energy of starlight is still less than this, yet even it accounts for a million or so tons of coal a year all over the earth. The still feebler cosmic rays, so weak that scientists must take sensitive instruments up on flights into the stratosphere in order to measure them exactly, probably bring the earth each year a total energy equivalent to 60,000 or 70,000 tons of coal.

To the scientists, however, other things that might come out of a hole to the centre of the earth are more alluring than the possible power supply. Vast supplies of metals and other chemical elements now rare might be obtained. There is one theory that the earth's center may hold billions of tons of platinum, one of the rarest and most costly of all metals. Radium may exist somewhere in the earth's interior, and may account for a part of the earth's heat.

But perhaps the real result of tapping any superheated gases which exist inside the earth and now are kept solid by the enormous rock-pressure above them would be let the whole inside of the planet blow out into space through the hole, like juice out of an over-squeezed orange. The remains of the crust would collapse or explode and the planet and all its inhabitants would cease to exist. That is another picture of the end of the world added to others which scientists have imagined—if anybody ever succeeds in digging the hole that Dr. Grunsky planned.

Wife-Kissing Club Brings Bliss To Congregation

A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD minister looked down at his flock of industrial workers in Oklahoma City recently, his voice filling the frame church as he exhorted them in his gifted and striking oratory to open the doors to new marital happiness.

"Home and Marriage" was his subject, and for an hour he had held their attention. But his newspaperman's instinct told him that they were captivated more by his striking approach to an old subject than by the thought in his words. He needed a stunt to drive home his meaning, and his mind was reaching for an idea while his flow of words continued uninterrupted. He had it!

"Now, folks, we're going to prove to ourselves what I've been telling you," Rev. William E. Webb announced. "We're going to see if you men can be real husbands and we're going to bring home happiness into the lives of some of you neglected wives.

"We're going to organize a Men's Gratitude Club. I'm going to call it a gratitude club because a lot of you men are way behind in your marriage accounts and it's time you were showing some gratitude. You're going to have three rules:

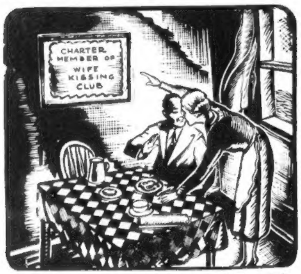
"FIRST, I solemnly pledge myself daily to embrace my wife, kiss her and tell her I love her.

"SECOND, I promise to compliment her at least once a day on some particular portion of the menu she prepares.

"THIRD, I promise to perform at least one kind and unexpected deed for her daily.

"We'll try that for two weeks and then I'm going to call for a report from some of these wives. Now, some of you men volunteer for membership."

One at a time, then in groups, young men in the church who followed implicitly their younger pastor put up their hands. The final count was thirty. They were laborers and clerks from the nearby packing plants which gave the church its name—Industrial Christian.


CHARTER MEMBER OF WIFE KISSING CLUB

A Kiss a Day Keeps Divorce Away, Is the Maxim of the Men's Gratitude Club, Started by an Oklahoma City Minister. Wives Must Also Be Complimented Daily on Their Cooking.

Two weeks went by, then there was an accounting. So successful was the experiment that the Men's Gratitude Club has become as permanent a part of the church as its Sunday night Bible Class.

To Rev. Mr. Webb, who started life as a newspaperman in Alabama, Florida, Chicago and New York City, proved that a nose for news can be used in a pulpit to fill the pews. The week before he had preached on "Henpecked Husbands and Foolish Wives," and had reserved a section in which sat fifteen henpecked husbands while he pleaded with them and their wives to search for a new understanding.

When Rev. Mr. Webb, himself a member, called for a report from the wives of the Men's Gratitude Club members, all of the thirty members were crowded into the small white church. Some sheepish, some giggling and some embarrassed, the wives stood up before the congregation and detailed their husbands' conduct.

"My husband used to come in in the afternoon, kiss our boy and then lie down for a nap," said one. "Now he kisses me, too, and asks me if there is anything he can do to help."

"My husband talks to me during supper, and that's the most important thing in the world to me," recited another. "He never did know how much it hurt me for him just to sit and eat, without saying a word."

The thirtieth wife was missing. She was the wife of Rev. Mr. Webb, and the minister explained she was out of the city.

"But I promise you she will hand in a fine report," he said.

To the surprise of the congregation—and the husbands—several wives frankly were critical. There was some improvement, but there could be a lot more, they declared, while red-faced husbands shrank before the laughing stares of the congregation. So a vote was taken, and the congregation decided to continue the club indefinitely. From time to time, and without warning, reports again will be called for.

"It's funny of course, but it's serious, too," said Mrs. H. G. Jackson, wife of one of the club members. "And the husbands are surprised how quickly their wives are responding to a little love-making and a little consideration. Wives, especially the wives of hard-working men, are soon taken for granted. They starve for affection and attention, and too many of them become hopelessly unhappy in the routine of a home and babies when they don't get it."

"I think it is a wonderful plan," Rev. Webb said. "American husbands are known as unsympathetic and unexpressive toward their wives. We don't want to turn them into mere kissers, and yet we think it will make life sweeter if husbands will get into the habit of being kind and loving to their wives. If carried out universally, I believe the idea would stop a lot of this divorce business."

Meanwhile, the young preacher's church is growing. When he came to the pastorate in May, 1933, bringing his wife and two children, the church had less than one hundred members.

Mr. Webb's flair for sermon topics that captured the attention of his worker flock soon brought scores more to the church. For a time the older members refused to accept the young minister, and once a suit was filed to enjoin him from occupying the pulpit.

But a district judge refused to pass on the suit, exhorting the congregation to thresh out their troubles among themselves. The judge, George A. Henshaw, appointed an attorney to act as presiding officer and called a church meeting. The congregation voted 101 to 57 to retain its pastor.

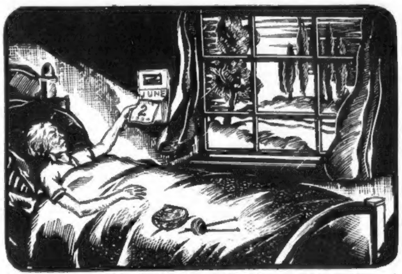
Not Much Fun In Living More Than A Century

LESS than a month after celebrating her 104th birthday, Mrs. Eliza Gage Wade died the other day near Ridgefield, Connecticut, and shortly before her death she said, "Don't believe anyone who says it's fun to live to be over 100."

Francis Bourn, of New Cross, England, who recently observed his 102nd birthday, feels the same way about it. He said, "I used to think it would be wonderful to be 100. But it isn't. Old age is misery."

Most people want to live as long as they can. There is nothing mysterious about that. The will to live is one of the strongest and most common of human instincts. Any health system that is supposed to prolong life is sure to gain a following.

By drinking a lot of water, by eating only certain foods and avoiding others, by exercising regularly, by guarding against overtaxing the strength, by various precautions, by taking inoculations, cures, treatments, by having operations—in one way or another, sooner or later — almost everyone strives to reach a ripe old age. But how many people ever consider whether or not a ripe old age is worth the effort?



After Passing Her 104th Birthday, Mrs. Wade Said: "I'm living on borrowed time—and I am little better than a ghost right now." She Wanted to Raise a Large Family and Die Young—But She Outlived All of Her Girlhood Associates and Was Survived by Only One Descendant.

When friends called on Mr. Bourn to congratulate him on his 102nd birthday, he stirred restlessly on his pillow and sighed. "The June roses must be out," he whispered, "but I cannot see them. There are no Summers for me now. I've passed through the Spring, Summer and Autumn of my life, and there is only bleak Winter left.

"I was happy as a young man. I was happy in middle age, too. Even when I reached my nineties I could still work in my garden, and I was contented, but life now is misery to me. There is nothing to do, nothing to look forward to.

"Day after day I lay here with nothing but my memories to console me. I think of the days when I could do so much, and now I am helpless. I cannot do any of the things I want to do.

"I am an old, old man—and that is the greatest tragedy in life."

For a while he forgot his sadness as he talked to his birthday visitors about his beloved garden and of the happy hours he used to spend tending his flowers. Proudly he told of how he had won a gardening prize when he was 93. Then he remembered that the June roses were blooming outside and that he could no longer see them. He closed his worn-out eyes and said, "It's a mistake to live so long—I should have died years ago."

Mrs. Wade also felt that she had over-stayed her leave on this earth.

"I'm living on borrowed time," she said, just a few days before she died. "Here I am still hanging around in a world that no longer has any need of me, and I'm little better than a ghost right now. I really don't know why I keep on living. I'm only a burden. I'm no use to anyone, myself least of all. I don't enjoy living any more, but I just keep on doing it because it's gotten to be a habit—I guess."

When Mrs. Wade said those words, the hold of the "habit," which was strong enough to cling to her for 104 years, was already almost broken. During the last few weeks of her life, she lay in bed virtually all of the time, usually sleeping peacefully, as she waited calmly and patiently for death finally to get around to making its delayed call. She was not afraid of dying.

"I don't think about it much," she said. "I never have thought about it much, although when I was a young woman it was on my mind occasionally. But even then I didn't dread the thought. I was just curious as to why I had been overlooked."

When asked if by "a young woman" she meant a girl of 70 or 80, she smiled faintly and replied, "No, younger than that. You see, I always wanted to die at an early age. I wanted to raise a large family, and then after I was no longer useful, I wanted to die. But here I am, 104, living with my only daughter.

"I had four children, and three of them died when they were babies. I thought I was going to lose the fourth one, too, she was so frail—but you wouldn't believe it to look at her now, would you? My husband died about ten years ago. He was 90. I haven't got any grandchildren. Everybody I knew when I was a girl has been dead a long time. The only old friend I still have living is a woman about 70 years old who lives in New Jersey, and we haven't seen each other in a long time. I don't guess we'll ever see each other again in this world."

Up until a few years ago, she used to read four library books a week, but she said she had to give that up when her eyes began to fail. No one could read to her, either, because her hearing was bad.

"So there isn't anything I can do, except sleep and wait. I had to quit knitting, because that made me nervous. I was always in a hurry to finish whatever I started. Bedridden like this, I haven't the strength to go to the kitchen any more. I like to cook, but I haven't done any cooking to speak of in a long time. I baked a cake when I was 95."

Any of her habits that may have contributed to her longevity came to her naturally, and were not formed with the idea of passing 100.

"From childhood I was always sensible about eating, but that was just because I wanted to feel my best at all times."

In the strictest sense, she was never a vegetarian, although she preferred vegetables. But she always ate in small portions. Even toward the end of her life, she occasionally called for a frankfurter for supper. Frankfurters were one of her favorite foods for a number of years.

Always a light eater, after her 104th birthday, she began to eat scarcely anything at all. A few spoons of cereal and a few sips of coffee for breakfast, a few bites of cooked vegetables for lunch, a small cheese sandwich and a few swallows of tea for supper—that was about all she ate during the closing days of her life. She scarcely ever drank water—never did drink any water to speak of, in fact.

In middle-age she weighed about 125 pounds, but in the neighborhood of 60 she began to lose weight, and she lost it steadily all the rest of her life, but so gradually that from one year to the next, the change was scarcely noticeable. At 104, she weighed only about 45 pounds.

She said that she believed this gradual loss in weight was one of the things that kept her alive so long. As her heart grew older and weaker, it had less and less work to do, and therefore, it was never under a strain. But she never did anything consciously or by design to bring about that loss in weight.

It was nature's will, not hers—just as it was nature's will for her to have rational eating habits, perfect digestion and a strong constitution that was evidently immune to disease.

Anyone who gets upward toward 100 or over, and has unlimited money, such as Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., may still find life entertaining, with attendants on every hand—to gratify every whim and see to every comfort. In her advanced age, Mrs. Wade was comfortable enough—her daughter saw to that. But at times she could not avoid feeling that she was a burden, and she finally decided that she had simply lived too long. As her 104th birthday approached she was alert, even gay. She seemed to feel that it was a game to reach that mark. President Roosevelt sent her a letter wishing her "continued health and happiness," and that pleased her. But after the day had passed, she became listless, and it was quite apparent to members of the household that she had no desire to see another birthday. After passing 104, she lived only 28 days longer.

No Cars, Buttons, Movies, Jewels Or Insurance Allowed

EVERY Saturday, members of the Amish community near Goshen, Indiana, jog into town to do their weekly trading. Those who are married are permitted by the faith to ride in buggies with square canopies, but those who are single—if they want to go to market—must make the trip to Goshen, rain or shine, in uncovered rigs.

No one seems to know the reason or origin of this distinction. It is an old Amish custom, and the Amish believe that what was good enough for their forefathers—back for several hundred years—is still good enough for them. The leaders of the clan enforce stern taboos against all newfangled notions, such as buttons, carpets, automobiles, bicycles, roller skates, movies, cameras, curtains, window shades, telephones, furnaces or insurance.

When a house or a barn burns down, all the able-bodied men of the settlement knock off from their regular occupations, and help the loser built a new one. All clothing is fastened together with hooks and eyes, and the only jewels allowed the women are straight pins with bright colored heads. Those who yearn for additional adornment have to content themselves with tiny chains.

In Winter the women dress in black, but in Summer they wear aprons and dresses of gay, contrasting hues. Their preference for a particular shade of light blue has caused that color to become known throughout that part of the State as Amish blue. Skirts are full, and instead of hats, the women wear black bonnets. For wraps, they wear heavy black shawls with fringes, or short jackets. In their homes the women always wear small starched organdie caps.

Eight or eighty, men and boys dress alike. Their bobbed hair hangs from beneath low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black felt hats, and their home-made black suits have no collars. Even the little boys wear long pants. In Winter, the men wear heavy black overcoats with elbow length capes. Married men all have beards.

The Amish seldom marry outside of their clan. When a young Amisher finds a girl to his liking he packs his possessions and moves to her house for a week, at the end of which time they are married. Musical instruments are strictly forbidden, and although the houses are exceptionally neat, they are bare.

Bitterly opposed to higher education, the Amish refuse to send their children to school after the sixth grade, unless forced to do so. They do not believe in voting, laws or courts. While they pay all contracted debts, they refuse to pay fines.

The sect, which is a branch of the Mennonite religion, was formed in Switzerland several centuries ago by Jacob Amman, and it is believed that the first member came to America in 1710. Religious services are secret, and are held in homes, since there is no regular meeting house. The preacher is legal adviser for the clan and obtains quotations on prices when products are ready for sale. Members of the sect still speak the language of their ancestors, which lies between high and low German.

In recent years a group within the sect revolted against many of the old-fashioned restrictions, and these dissenters, living apart from the orthodox Amish, are now known as the Improved Amish, or "Pinkies." They permit such luxuries as store-bought clothing, haircuts and shaves.

Led By Dream To Body Of Missing Mother

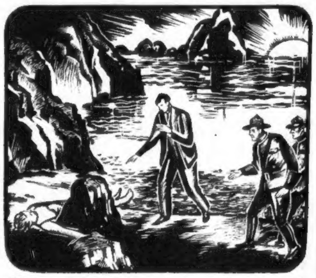
WHEN 70-year-old Mrs. T. H. Vigfusson disappeared from the lonely little Icelandic village of Steep Rock in the wilderness of Manitoba, Canada, it was the second mysterious disappearance in that village in two years. Superstitious villagers, many of them still believing in the old legends of their homeland were alarmed; search parties were organized and the whole district thoroughly searched, but no trace of the aged woman could be found.

Then one night late in May this year Stoney Vigfusson, 35, son of the missing woman, had a dream which, while it did not solve the mystery of the disappearances, led him and police searchers to the body of his mother and, if anything, increased the superstition of his neighbors. Today the entire community is in a state of near-hysteria and fear, for throughout the entire search for the missing woman the power of occult premonition seems to have been strikingly demonstrated.

Late in April, Mrs. Vigfusson disappeared from her home. Early on a fine Spring day she had gone out for a walk alone. Having lived all her life in this desolate district, every road and every turn was familiar to her, and when she did not return her family thought she might have dropped in on one of her neighbors for a rest and tea. But as the night wore on they grew alarmed and when midnight came and she still had not returned a small search party was organized.

The next day the police were notified and Sergeant C Clifford, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, took charge of the search. For days and weeks weary searchers plodded in vain through swamp, muskeg and deadfall timber, along the boulder-studded shoreline of Lake Manitoba and cast anxious eyes along the shingled beaches of nearby lakes.

Seventy men from Steep Rock, Weedy Point, New Scotland and Ashkirk, nearby hamlets, and able-bodied men from towns and villages within a radius of fifteen miles joined the hunt, but it was unavailing. Mrs. Vigfusson, it seemed, had disappeared from the face of the earth.



Vigfusson Led the Police to the Spot He Had Seen in His Dream, and There They Found His Mother's Body. She Had Not Been Drowned and There Were No Marks of Violence.

Strange tales then began to be heard about the village of Steep Rock and many of the older fishing folk began to tell of the supposedly supernatural powers of Mr. and Mrs. Vigfusson. To add to the tales, too, were the reputed statements of the missing woman's husband that his wife frequently appeared before him as he dozed fitfully in his lonely cabin and appealed for aid, only to vanish as he reached out his hands toward her. The vision, he claimed, was not a dream; he was not asleep but he actually saw his wife and she was in distress, but he was powerless to help her.

Unimpressed by the husband's tale the police went on with their investigations, but, when weeks had passed and no trace of the missing woman was found the search was finally abandoned and it was generally believed that she had been drowned and her body would some day come ashore.

Then one day Stoney Vigfusson came to police headquarters with a strange story and one which the police, except for the young man's evident sincerity and mental torture, would have ignored. The night before, he said, he had fallen into a fitful sleep. He had dreamed and vague fantastic pictures appeared, disappeared and formed again in the tortured mirror of his subconscious mind.

Then gradually, he went on, through the weird kaleidoscope of surging pictures a single theme began to take precedence over all others. It grew stronger and disordered words of a message hammered themselves into his brain. And, he said, the constant drumming continued, until finally he heard distinctly the command: "Go to the beach. There is a letter there for you. Go to the beach. There is a letter there for you."

Repeated again and again the message stamped itself on his mind. Clearly he saw a picture of the storm-swept beach of Lake Manitoba, and behind a mass of tangled weeds and broken reeds, a bundle or package. And then again and again came the message. He awoke with a start to find himself repeating the words he had heard so often in his dream.

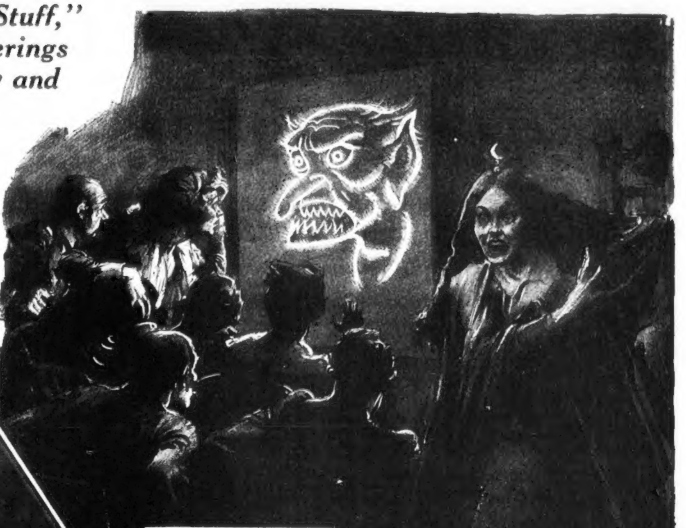
Dressing hurriedly he rushed through the darkness to the lake's edge and there, exactly at the spot pictured in his dream, he found his mother's body. A hundred times or more during the long search he had passed this very spot and once, he recalled, had rested nearby. Other searchers, too, had passed over the very place where the body now lay. Yet the woman could not have been drowned and then cast up on the beach for her body was far away from the water's edge, resting behind a protecting barrier of brush and weed.

Word quickly passed around the village that the body of Mrs. Vigfusson had been found, since immediately after the discovery the son had notified the police officer and accompanied him to the spot. But the mystery of the death remains. The body bore no marks of injury; robbery could not have been the motive for in the woman's purse was $36.55, the exact amount with which she had left home. And yet it was inconceivable that she should have been walking in this difficult countryside, scrambling over piles of brush, and collapsed from some natural cause.

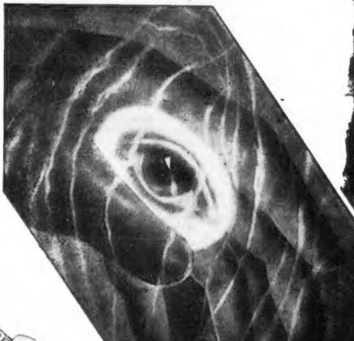
If Mrs. Vigfusson's disappearance has started tongues wagging in the Icelandic community, her strange discovery increased the talk. And immediately the story of another strange disappearance, never solved, was recalled. Two years ago Francis A. Bennett left his farm home after bidding his wife farewell, with the announced intention of visiting a neighbor who lived a short distance away. The path connecting the two homes was familiar to him and he frequently made the short trip of an evening. Although he was in good health at the time and travelling in daylight over a familiar trail he never arrived at his neighbor's homestead and his body was never discovered. For days search parties scoured the district but the disappearance of Francis A. Bennett is still a mystery.

Mediums Now Using Modern Science For Their Fakes

Gas That Imitates "Ectoplasm" or "Soul-Stuff," Chemicals That Produce Ghostly Glimmerings Under Rays of Invisible Light, Electricity and Radio Called in to Make the "Spooks" Do Their Tricks---But the Fake-Catchers Are Right Behind Them With Ever Bigger and Better Science

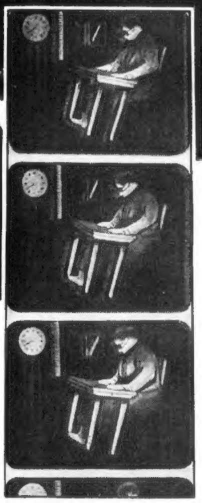


It Was Announced That Mr. Blank's Face Would Appear Upon the Screen for His Widow. But When the Face Did Appear It Wasn't the Conventional Idea of a Soul at Peace; It Was a Fiendish One Looking More Like a Gargoyle; and There Was a Shriek From the Window and a Bigger One From the Medium, Who, a Prey to Her Own Superstitions, Ran Out Shouting "Goblin!" Spook-Hunter Steele's Work of Art Had Succeeded Beyond His Expectations.

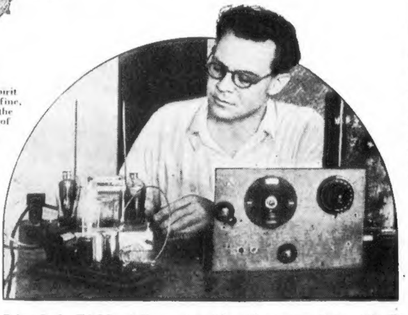


Photograph of a "Spirit Eye" Materializing From "Ectoplasm" Around the Medium's Hand. This Effect Is Produced by Glass Eyes, Which Become Brilliant Under Invisible Light and by Chemical Gases Which Also Can Be Made to Become Luminous.

Imprint of "Spirit Hands" in Paraffine, Produced by the Manipulation of Specially Made Rubber Gloves.



The Invisible "Black Light" Was Used to Make This Typical Movie of a Medium Who Claimed to Be Able to Make a Table Walk. The Camera Proved That the Medium Was a Fake and the Film Clearly Showed That Her Foot Was Used in Manipulating the Table. The Medium's Foot Is Shown Under the Far Leg. Photo by Popular Science Monthly, Inc.



Robert Steele, Chief Spook Hunter of the Miami Metapsychical Society, With His Electrical Apparatus Which Secretly Registers All the Movements of the Hands and Legs of a Medium.

"MATERIALIZING mediums have gone scientific," says Robert Steele, chief investigator of the Miami Metapsychical Research Society.

"The old-timer who used to work cheesecloth, horns, bells and tambourines on his customers in the dark, is getting to be a thing of the past. Not many will pay to be taken in by that sort of kindergarten stuff any more. The successful mediums of today are chemical, electrical and radio experts who know their business. It takes electric eyes, spectroscopes, radio tubes, invisible light, gases and all sorts of other chemicals, trick cameras and much other appartans to catch them at their game."

For nearly three years the 200 members of the society had a great time seeing through the tricks of mediums, who went away without knowing that they had been caught. These professional "ghost producers" supposed that the society was just a lot of people with more leisure than brains, and had no suspicion that they were working under the scrutiny of a battery of hidden scientific instruments. Recently a Miami paper printed a list of this secret equipment. The mediums then knew they had been ambushed and it has been almost impossible to get any more of them into the place.

"Spook"-hunter Steele and his assistants now have to go out and hunt the "spook"-trainers in their own lairs, which is harder, but they still catch them. For instance, there is the case of "Polish Helen," who certainly put on a good show. It was so good that Steele knew that it must be a first-class scientific job, or else, as she claimed, "spirits" were working for her.

The room in which she demonstrated was bare except for a dozen chairs, a piano, an artist's easel and a few canvases. The medium explained that spirit artists were standing by, ready to paint portraits of some of the departed friends of the sitters. Everyone was urged to examine the canvases and assure themselves that they were really and truly blanks.

After the lights were out Polish Helen played hymns with great feeling. As the "stained glass chords" poured out of the piano there were murmurs of excitement among the sitters who could see that something was doing on the canvas. Gradually, as if painted by an invisible hand, with a brush dipped in pale flames, there appeared the portrait of a lady's face with the rapt expression and devout upward look, befitting one who had passed into a better world. One of the sitters recognized the portrait which then slowly faded out. The lights were then turned on, the canvas reexamined and found to be as blank as before.

This proceeding was repeated several times with the same unfailing perfection. When the seance was over Mr. Steele professed to be as impressed as any of the others and asked when he could view this marvel again. The next occasion happened to be on April 1, usually a most auspicious date for a seance.

The scene was the same as before only this time Steele did not bother to examine the canvases. Before turning out the lights the medium announced that the first spirit portrait would be that good man Mr. Blank who had just passed through the pearly gates. A tearful lady in black among the sitters was presumably the Widow Blank. The lights went out, sacred music poured from the piano and, in due time the canvas began to glow.

But what was this! Instead of the conventional idea of a good man's blessed soul, with eyes uplifted in pious ecstasy, a dreadful and fiendish face, looking more like a gargoyle, leered at them through what seemed to be lurid flames.

There was a shriek from the lady in mourning but a bigger and better one came from the medium who jumped from the piano to lead the rush out of the seance chamber.

"Domovay!" (Polish for goblin) cried Helen, convinced that this was what had intruded itself among her respectable line of ghosts.

"The explanation is simple," says Mr. Steele. "At the first demonstration I suspected that the canvas had been painted with anthracene. This substance becomes luminous in the dark when exposed to ultra-violet apparatus with a control by which someone after the lights were out, gradually turned the invisible rays on the canvas.

"At the second seance I brought some anthracene of my own. As soon as the lights were out I crept to the canvas and, considering that I am no artist, did what I thought a creditable little sketch, even if it did make the medium run out shrieking."

The old-time mediums solemnly assured us that spirits could not stand light and, of course, most any sort of fraud is easy under cover of darkness. But up-to-date spooks are not so fussy and the mediums who are now getting the money, are those who have trained their ghosts and ghostesses to perform in light bright enough for reading.

Last Winter Steele was called to New Orleans by a member of the Metapsychical Research Society, who said he believed that he had found a real manifestation offered by a medium who called himself, "Master of the Occult." Steele went to four meetings where invisible hands touched and stroked him, not in darkness but under the blaze of lights. The medium looked him in the eyes, stretched out his hand and immediately Steele felt an invisible hand brushing his hand. The medium claimed this to be an etheric extension of his own body.

Lighted candles were then placed on a table in the room. The medium pointed his hand at them and they went out. It was then that Steele became suspicious of a heavy inert gas, probably carbon dioxide. At the home of the member where he resided while in New Orleans he placed some carbon dioxide in a rubber ball and with a long tube hidden beneath a coat sleeve he practiced putting out candle lights and squirting out the gas so that upon the skin it felt like a touch. The gas was odorless and invisible in daylight or under the glare of an electric light. In such manner did Steele solve this remarkable manifestation.

At another fully-lighted seance the medium had a telephone transmitter and receiver on the table unconnected. There were no wires. Yet one could communicate with the departed. There was a clear, distinct voice. At the first meeting Steele gave a fictitious name and was answered. Upon investigation he found a crystal receiving set inside the telephone. The metal base of the telephone acted as an antenna. There was a two-tube transmitting set hidden fifty feet away in another room, where a confederate was stationed. At the second meeting Steel took along a one-tube portable radio outfit and set up an interference. All that the medium got for her customers that night was static.

One medium had Steele guessing for a long time. Her trick was done in the dark but it was a good one at that. She called it, "Hands across the sea of death." Beside her chair at the seance were placed a bucket of cold water and a bucket of hot paraffine. The materializing spirits were to dip their hands in paraffine, then in cold water to harden the paraffine, and before their departure from the living world, they were to leave behind them for members of the circle to see, their paraffine hand impressions. All this happened as it was so alleged. Some of these hand impressions of hard paraffine were always found when the lights were turned on.

"Proof," said the medium to her wondering circle, "that I have called upon the spirits and that they have answered me." This had Steele stumped. He had no idea of how it was done until one night when one of these spirit hands brushed by his head, he struck to the rear where he knew a confederate might be standing. His hand touched something that felt like rubber. Rubber gloves came to his mind.

At his laboratory that night he oiled a rubber glove, inflated it, then dipped it into hot paraffine and then into cold water. When he let out the air the impression was perfect and he slipped off the rubber glove with ease. Presumably the medium had used special rubber gloves the surfaces of which were prepared beforehand with lines and ridges to reproduce in the paraffine the palm lines and other features of an actual hand. That medium left Miami the following day for some place where people have more faith.

Another puzzler that it took Steele a long time to unravel was a supposed "spirit lamp," which really was nothing but a glass test tube partly filled with what looked like ordinary salad oil. When held in the hand and properly persuaded by the medium—and, of course, the "faith" of the holder—this tube would light up dimly like a feeble lamp. The intensity of the light was supposed to indicate the holder's mysterious "magnetic force."

At this time Steele could not imagine how this was done but months later he happened to drop some phosphorus into olive oil and discovered that the solution would give off light when warmed slightly and exposed to the air. The medium's "spirit lamp" test tube evidently contained a little of this oil and phosphorus mixture. When the tube was cold or was tightly corked so that no air got in there was no light. Warmed slightly in the sitter's hand and with the cork loosened unobtrusively by the medium so that a little air could enter to combine with the phosphorus, the puzzling ghostly glow was produced.

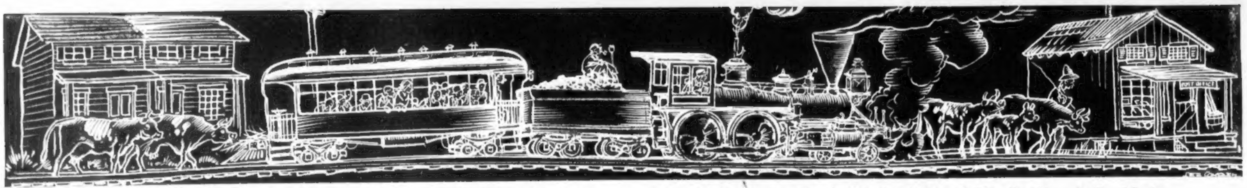
One of the smartest members of the Research Society is a young woman who goes to the seances, pretending she is one of those empty-headed "Oh-yeah?" girls. After hearing a few of her moronic suggestions, the medium thinks she is a mental desert and she is ready to slip over a fast one on him. They were working on a fellow who did some rather remarkable things in the dark, after having his hands tied. Finally the girl in her silliest manner wanted to know if he could do it blindfolded.

Everyone laughed, including the medium. If it was pitch dark what difference could it make if there was a blindfold on the medium's eyes? But she insisted and the medium went through his act once more. What he did not know but would have realized instantly had his eyes been uncovered, was that this time they had smeared his hands with anthracene. With the aid of the ultra-violet rays, this made it possible for everyone to see how he untied himself, did his tricks and then tied himself up again.

Anthracene and other substances which also shine in ultra-violet rays are useful in producing ghosts on draperies, walls and even the clothing of sitters. These wraiths may even be photographed by the sitters themselves who then think they have unquestionable spirit photographs.

Some mediums are as scientific as the investigators. One did her manifestations under a neon light where purposely all her movements could be seen. Suddenly the circle saw ectoplasm, (material out of which spirits are alleged to manufacture bodies for themselves) emanate from the body of the medium. Steele glanced quickly at his sensitive instruments but nothing registered. Yet there was the ectoplasm drifting about the half lighted room in its many forms and shapes. For four seances the medium was successful. At a fifth, Steele stole up to the medium in the shadows and just as the alleged ectoplasm came from her body, he bottled some of it in a vacuum tube. Then he hurried to his laboratory, and placed the tube under a spectroscope. Just as he surmised. The so-called ectoplasm was nothing but carbon dioxide gas. Under a neon light and perhaps by admixture of moisture or a fine mist, this carbon dioxide became visible to the eye. And the imaginations of the sitters gave it the shapes they thought they saw.

Steele lost both his legs during the war but, unfortunately for the mediums he investigates, his keen mind was not visibly impaired. The Society supplies him with every ghost trap he suggests.



The "Slow Train Through Arkansaw," With a Cow-Catcher in the Back to Keep the Cows From Running Over the Train, and the Cattle in Front That the Train Kept Catching Up With—The Title of the First Collection of Anecdotes, Descriptions, Jokes and 1901 "Wise-Cracks" That Made Jackson, the Former Brakeman, Famous.

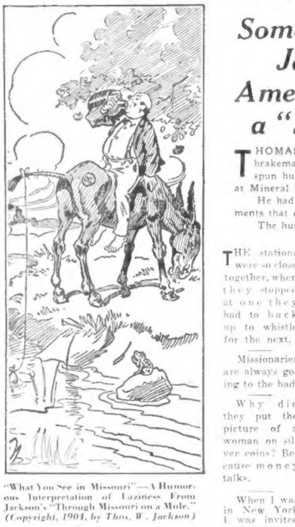
Made Millions Laugh—Then Killed Himself

Some of the Jokes and Anecdotes That Caused Thomas W. Jackson to Become One of the Most Widely Read of American Humorists and Laughed Him Up From the Job of a "Slow Train" Brakeman to National Fame and Riches

THOMAS W. JACKSON, who laughed his way up from a job as a brakeman on the railroad, to the publisher of a dozen books of homespun humor that sold millions of copies, committed suicide recently at Mineral Wells, Texas.

He had been ill for some time. He told friends that he had two ailments that endeared him to doctors: "I am incurable and I pay cash."

The humorist's paper-covered books were sold by newsboys on trains and at news-stands. From his son, Harry Jackson, who now heads the publishing concern of Thomas W. Jackson Publishing Company, founded by his father to publish his books, and who owns the copyrights on them, The American Weekly has secured permission to publish some of the jokes and anecdotes from his writings that made Jackson one of the best known and most widely read humorists this country ever has produced. Here are some of Mr. Jackson's nuggets of fun:



"What You See in Missouri"—A Humorous Interpretation of Laziness From Jackson's "Through Missouri on a Mule." *(Copyright, 1904, by Thos. W. Jackson)*

THE stations were so close together, when they stopped at one they had to back up to whistle for the next.

Missionaries are always going to the bad.

Why did they put the picture of a woman on silver coins? Because money talks.

When I was in New York I was invited out every night. I was invited out of one place six times.

Just think, we are sending missionaries over to China to make the Chinamen good so they can go to heaven, but we won't let them into this country.

They serve terribly tough steaks in Arkansaw. I got one once that was so tough I couldn't stick my fork in the gravy.

I was talking to a man in Arkansaw and he said, "All we need in this country is a little more rain and a little better society." I said, "That's all that hell needs."

There was a lady on the train with a baby. When the conductor asked for her ticket she didn't have any, the baby had swallowed it. The conductor punched the baby.

The train stopped so often one of the passengers tried to commit suicide. He ran ahead for a half mile and lay down on the track, but he starved to death before the train got there.

I was riding on a train with a young lady from Nebraska. She was the dumbest girl I ever saw. The conductor came through the car and said, "Let down your windows, we are coming to a tunnel." And she wanted to know which side it was on.

I stepped into a restaurant in Asheville once for dinner. A fellow sitting next to me was eating sausage. Every little while he would find a piece of wood in his meat. Finally he stopped eating and said, "Here, waiter, take this sausage back, I don't mind eating the dog, but I'll be darned if I'm going to eat the kennel."

A lady handed the conductor two tickets, one whole ticket and a half ticket. He said, "Who is the half ticket for?" She said, "My boy." The conductor said, "He's not a boy; he's a man. Under twelve, half fare; over twelve, full fare." She said, "He was under twelve when we started."

An Irishman in New York who had just lately come over from the old country was wondering how he could get back to Ireland. He was standing on the dock thinking if he had what it cost him to come over he would buy a ticket and go back. While he was standing there he saw a fellow come up out of the water with a diving suit on. The Irishman said, "By Gorry, if I had known of that I would have walked over myself."

An Irishman that ran an engine on the St. Louis and San Francisco road by the name of Pat Murphy, had a brother come over from the old country to visit him. Pat took his brother Mike over the road with him for a trip. Mike was sitting up on the engine behind Pat looking ahead on the track when he saw a tunnel. He called out, "Pat, and whatever you do, don't you miss that hole."

The most mud I ever saw was in Fort Worth. I was walking along the main street when I saw a plug hat lying out in the middle of the road. I thought I would go over and kick it, but when I put my foot on it a fellow hollered, "Get off my head." I said, "What, is there a man under this hat?" He said, "Not only that, but I am standing on a horse."

"I was shot in the head over twenty years ago. It was only yesterday I was seized with a severe spell of coughing and coughed up the bullet."

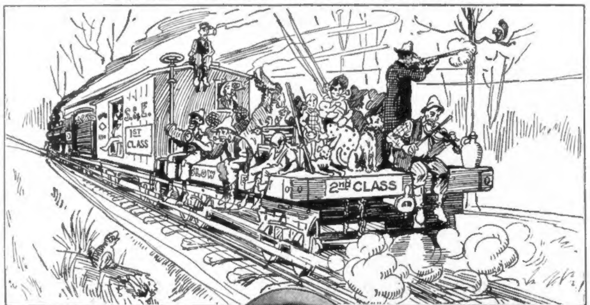
"You say you were shot in the head over twenty years ago and coughed up the bullet yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"That goes to show me how long it takes anything to go through your head."

A policeman brought in three Chinamen and an Irishman. The Irishman was booked for getting drunk and disturbing the peace, the Chinamen had been smoking opium. The judge said to the first Chinaman, "What is your name?" He said, "Ah Sin." "30 days." He said to the next Chinaman, "What is your name?" He said, "Ah Chung." "30 days." He said to the next Chinaman, "What is your name?" He said, "Ah Bung." "30 days." The judge said to the Irishman, "What is your name?" He said, "Ah Hell, I suppose it is 30 days anyhow."

"Going Up Raccoon Mountain, East Tennessee, on the S. & E. (Slow and Easy)"—Another Scene of Train Life in the South of the Early Nineties. From Jackson's "Don't Miss It." *(Copyright, 1908, by Thos. W. Jackson.)*



The conductor told a fellow that the next place was where he got off. He said, "Which end of the car shall I get off?" The conductor said, "Either one, both ends stop."

Abie came home and found his wife with the baby in her arms, singing: "By low, baby, by low, baby." Abie said, "Dot's right, you teach him to buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."

I don't like a horse nohow, so I got a mule and started across the country through the Ozark Hills. My mule kicked his hind foot up in the stirrup; I said, "If you are going to get on, I will get off."

Two Irishmen that had just landed from the old country were walking up a street in New York when they saw a sign on a corner that said, "Silver Street." They went a little ways further and saw a silver dollar lying on the sidewalk. One of them stooped down to pick it up. The other one said, "Let it alone and we'll go on up to Gold Street."

I have come to the conclusion that money is no good; if you spend it they call you a spendthrift; if you save it they call you a miser, if you give it away they say you are a darn fool.

I went to a colored meeting and the parson said, "Brudren and sisters I am looking right into Heben." They said, "Parson, what do it look like?" He said, "It look like a great big chicken roost in the middle of a watermelon patch."

A Missouri farmer went over to his neighbor's house and told him he had a cow that he would like to turn in his pasture for about two weeks, and he would pay him whatever he thought it would be worth. The neighbor agreed and at the end of two weeks the farmer went over to get his cow. He asked his neighbor what he thought it was worth. The neighbor said he thought it ought to be worth the cow. The farmer said, "No sir, I won't stand that, but I'll tell you what I will do—if you'll keep the cow two weeks longer you can have it."

I was stopping one night at a place when they had an earthquake. There was a preacher stopping at the house also. All at once the house commenced to shake. The windows began to rattle and the plastering fell. The old farmer got excited and began to swear. The preacher said, "Be calm, brother, be calm. The Lord made this old world and He can shake it if He likes." The farmer said, "Yes, but He didn't make this old house, and He better leave it alone."

"Do you remember Deacon Jones? He is still alive. Do you remember his son, Abe? He was a good-for-nothing sort of fellow. Abe gave the old man a great deal of trouble. The deacon got terribly mad at Abe one day and told him to leave the house and never come back. Yes, he told him to go to the real place. He said, 'Go down there and never come back.' Abe went away. They never heard anything more from him, until one night last Winter. The deacon had invited all the preachers in the surrounding country to the house. It was a bitter cold night. All the preachers were sitting around the stove when they heard a knock at the door. The deacon got up and went to the door and there stood poor Abe, cold and shivering. The deacon said, 'Where have you been?' He said, 'Where you told me, down there.' 'How did you find things down there?' 'Just like they are here at home, so many preachers there I couldn't get to the fire.'"

Thomas W. Jackson, the Homespun Humorist, Whose Books Made Millions Laugh, but Who Killed Himself.

A lady said, "Conductor, can't this train make any better time than this?" He said, "If you ain't satisfied with this train you can get off and walk." She said she would, only her folks didn't expect her until the train got there.

Alaska is the coolest place I ever saw. While I was there a man set a bucket of boiling water outside to cool and it froze so fast that when he came back two minutes later the ice was still warm.

There were three kinds of passengers who rode on that train. First class, second class and third class. I said, "Conductor, what is the difference between the first class, second class and third class passengers, they are all riding in the same car?" He said, "Just wait awhile and I will show you." We ran a little way and stopped again. The conductor came in and said, "First class passengers keep your seats; second class passengers get off and walk; third class passengers get off and push."

Have you ever noticed when a man does something great and becomes famous every State claims him? They have been arguing over my birthplace for a long time. Missouri claims I was born in Texas. Texas claims I was born in Arkansaw. Arkansaw has defied Texas to prove it.

We made pretty good time for about two miles. One old cow got her tail caught in the cow-catcher and she ran off down the track with the train. The cattle bothered us so much they had to take the cow-catcher off the engine and put it on the hind end of the train to keep the cattle from jumping up into the sleeper.

When we got to Salt Lake a Mormon got on. I got to talking with him about the Mormon religion. I asked him if it was possible for a man to love two women at one time? He said, "Yes, providing the other one didn't find it out."

I said, "In case a man has three wives what do you Mormons call that?" He said, "We call that polygamy." I said, "Well, when you have two wives what do you call that?" He said, "That would be bigamy." I said, "Well, what would you call one wife?" He said, "We would call that monotony."

I went to a hotel once in Arkansaw and as soon as I registered the proprietor handed me this set of rules:

In order to prevent the guests from carrying fruit from the table, there will be no fruit.

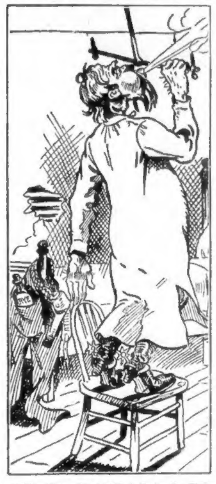
Married men without baggage will leave their wives in the office.

Guests on retiring at night will leave their money with the clerk for he will get it anyhow.

If you want the bellboy, ring a towel.

If you get hungry during the night, take a roll in bed.

I went from Richmond to Norfolk with a friend of mine on a private yacht. While cruising down the beautiful James River we came to a place where there were quite a few rocks. It was very difficult to find the channel. While we were guessing just where to go we saw an old darky sitting on the bank fishing. The captain called and asked him if he knew where the rocks were in the river. The darky said, "'Yes, I know where dey all is." The captain told him he was just the man we wanted and to come aboard and ride down a ways and show us where they were. We picked him up and started down the river. We had only gone about half a mile when we struck a rock. The captain said to the darky, "Here, I thought you said you knew where these rocks were?" The darky said, "Yes, sir, I does, dat's one of dem."



"The Blow That Killed Father"—From Jackson's "I'm From Texas." *(Copyright, 1907, by Thos. W. Jackson)*

IF one-half of the world knew how the other half lived, one-half would have the other half arrested.

A woman will stick to you through thick and thin—but the longer she sticks the thinner you get.

Marry a doctor and you can be well for nothing. Marry a preacher and you can be good for nothing.

My wife calls me a model husband. I looked that up in the dictionary and it says that a model is a small imitation of the real thing.

A waiter came over to my table and asked if he couldn't help me to the coffee. I said, "No, you'd better help the coffee, it's weaker than I am."

My wife woke me up the other night and said there was a man under the bed. I said, "You talk to him and let me sleep."

A fellow walked up to me in the street and said, "Will you give me twenty-five cents towards burying a policeman?" I said, "Yes, here's a dollar, go bury four of them."

A schoolteacher said to one of her pupils, "Willy, what is a husband?" Willy said, "I don't know." She said, "Next boy. What is a husband?" While he was hesitating about answering, another boy put up his hand. The teacher said, "Well, you may answer." He said, "A husband is something that no respectable family should be without."

An Irishman got on the police force. The chief said, "When you get drunk, I want to know it. You must come to me and report it the next day." The Irishman got drunk; next day he went to the chief to report it. The chief said, "You're drunk now." The Irishman said, "I know I am, but I don't have to report that till tomorrow."

A fellow from Alabama went to St. Louis and registered at a hotel. When the bellboy showed him up to his room, he didn't seem to like it very well. The Alabama man walked up to the clothes closet and opened the door. He saw a lady's nightgown hanging inside. He said, "Oh, I guess this room is all right." He took down the nightgown, handed it to the bellboy and said, "Here, take this out and get it filled."

It was down in the State of Arkansaw I rode on the slowest train I ever saw. It stopped at every house. When it came to a double house it stopped twice. They made so many stops I said, "Conductor, what have we stopped for now?" He said, "There are some cattle on the track." We ran a little ways further and stopped again. I said, "What is the matter now?" He said, "We have caught up with those darned cattle again."

There were two brakemen on the train, one was a new man making his first trip. The old brakeman said to the new one, "I will call the station in one end of the car and you call the same in the other end." When the train whistled for the station the old brakeman came in and called out the name in the front end of the car. The new brakeman in the hind-end hollered, "The same in this end!"

I stopped at a place where they were raising a subscription for the purpose of fencing in a cemetery. Everyone had donated very liberally, except one fellow. He was opposed to fencing it in for two reasons. He said, "In the first place, there is no one in the graveyard that can get out; in the second place there is no one out that wants to get in."

A preacher came along the street. It was very evident that he was a stranger in town, for he walked up to some boys who were playing and said to one of them, "Little boy, can you tell me where I can find the post office?" One boy said, "Just keep right on up the street about two blocks." The preacher said, "Boys, don't you know that it isn't right to play marbles in the street this way, come with me and I will show you the way to Heaven." One of the boys said, "Oh, come off, you don't even know the way to the post office."

A friend of mine had a wife who was very nervous. He got her some medicine and it cured her, so he wrote this letter to the doctor:

"Dear Doctor:

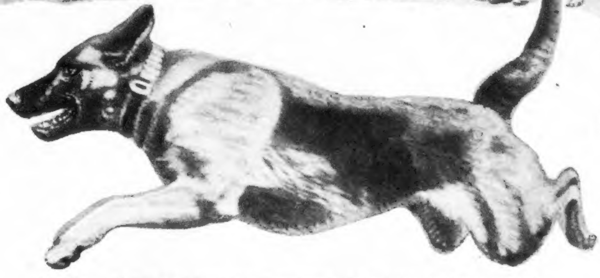
"Before my wife took your medicine, she was so nervous I could hardly sleep with her. Now since she has taken two bottles anybody could sleep with her."

(From "On a Slow Train Through Arkansaw"; "I'm From Texas, You Can't Steer Me;" "Don't Miss It! Thomas W. Jackson Telling [illegible] Late Ones;" "Through Missouri on a Mule;" and "Thos. W. J[illegible] on a Fast Train"; all written and copyrighted by Thomas W. Jackson. Reprinted by permission of Thos. W. Jackson Publishing Co., Chicago, Illinois.)

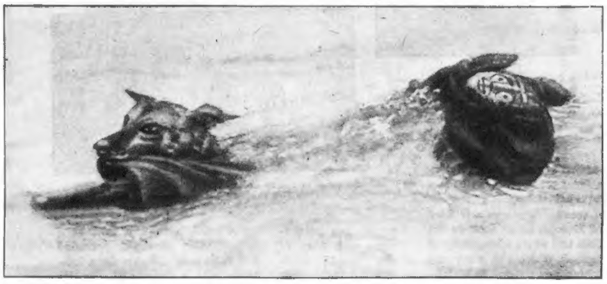
Exploits of "Poldi," the Detective Police Dog

Photograph of the Famous Police Dog Brigade of the Vienna Police Department.

Astonishing Achievements of a Full-Blooded Austrian She-Wolf, Which Was Captured as a Puppy, Trained With Police Dogs and Became Leader of the Vienna Police Dog Brigade



"Poldi," the Full-Blooded Wolf, That Outmatched All the Police Dogs in the Brigade.



"Poldi" at Training Practice "Saving the Life" of a Dummy in the Danube.

"Poldi" Was Once Married for a Short Time to One of Her Colleagues in the Police Brigade and These Four Children Are Being Trained by the Vienna Police with the Hope That They May Inherit Some of Their Distinguished Mother's Great Detective Ability.

VIENNA, Aug. 18.

"POLDI," the most intelligent member of the famous Police Dog Brigade of the Vienna police, has been discharged from duty. "Poldi" is a full-blooded she-wolf and her contempt for the stupidity and inefficiency of her trained police dog companions led her to such expressions of hostility that her services were dispensed with.

The common police dog is a relative of the wolf but its sagacity, endurance and keenness of scent are outmatched by the wolf of the forest. Thus it was that "Poldi," who had been captured as a pup when her wolf mother was shot by Police Inspector Knapp, was able to bring to the Vienna Police Dog Brigade natural qualities which soon made her the heroine of her branch of the department. And now the reader will be told the details of "Poldi's" greatest detective achievement—the solution of the "Gruben Murder Case."

The quietness of the dreamy little Vienna suburban "Hotel Paradise" on a moonlit Spring night was suddenly interrupted by a cry of horror coming from a room on the first floor. It was the hysterical voice of a woman shrieking in terror. Soon other voices followed, male and female, excitedly talking, asking, shouting.

Then light appeared in the windows of the hotel which were discreetly dark until now. Men were rushing up the stairs, a porter was telephoning for the police, and after a few minutes the slim figure of an elegantly dressed veiled woman appeared in the entrance. Behind her a tall sportsmanlike figure had a heated dispute with the porter, who refused to open the glass door. At once the man drew his pocketbook, showed the porter a document, and gave him a banknote, whereupon the porter lifted his cap, bowed and opened the door.

The pair rushed out of the hotel, jumped into a waiting motorcar, which speedily disappeared into the darkness.

A minute later a police car arrived. Six policemen, two detectives and two police dogs entered the hotel. One of the latter was Poldi.

Next day Vienna was stirred by the reports of the mysterious murder case in the Hotel Paradise. It was said that sudden commotion was caused by the occupants of the room on the first floor when awakened by the sound of drops falling on their bed. When they switched on the light they were startled to see that blood was dropping from a red patch on the ceiling of their room. The alarmed porter and a maid ran up to the top floor (the hotel was a small wooden two-story building) and forced open the door of the room above the frightened couple. There they saw a pool of blood which oozed through the wooden floor. There was, however, nobody in the room, which was occupied the day before by a well-dressed young girl who registered herself as Mary Brown. The door and window of the room were closed, the key as well as her suitcase had also disappeared.

The circumstances were very mysterious. The small hotel was largely frequented by "love couples," but this time of the year it was almost empty. Only three rooms were occupied. One on the first floor by the unknown couple who had forced their way past the porter, one on the second by Mary Brown (no doubt the murdered girl) and one on the main floor by Baron Edmund von Gruben, who had come there a few days before seeking a rest from the exertions of social life he was compelled to live in the city. It was the unknown couple that discovered the dripping blood.

On the next day a new sensation stirred the newspaper readers. The name used in registering by the girl, who proved to be the victim of the mysterious murder case, was false. And a newspaper reporter discovered that the only clue found in the room was a very fine lace handkerchief with a crown in one corner, belonging to a lady of the highest Vienna society, but the police refused to publish her name. Though the police said that the allegation that Countess X (as the mysterious lady was referred to by the newspapers) had anything to do with the murder case was absurd, strange stories were rumored in Vienna. It was soon found out that a diplomat visited the police president on the same day and made important depositions which were kept strictly secret. The complexity of the case grew.

Meanwhile, Poldi and her master started a hunt on their own account. Poldi ignored from the beginning the other police dog that had been assigned to the case and also the handkerchief of Countess X. She followed an invisible clue, leading to the Wienerwald, the famous forest surrounding Vienna. For many hours she ran incessantly in various directions and her master had a rather difficult and exhausting time. Late in the evening Poldi crossing a stretch of woods near the Danube became very excited. Her master, hastening after her, tripped over an obstruction in the ground. Cursing he stooped to examine it and he found the heel of a woman's shoe with a leg inside protruding from the ground a few inches.

Hours later, while Poldi watched at the side of the corpse, the coroner arrived and the exhumation was completed. An autopsy was performed, which proved that the girl's throat had been cut with a razor. The girl, who had a young and pretty face and fine clothes, was to become a mother.

The mystery grew, the police were startled. Who was the dead girl and what were the connections between her and Countess X whose handkerchief was found in her room? How did her body disappear from the closed hotel room and where were her belongings?

Poldi was also dissatisfied. Though she received many compliments and a very good supper she wanted to stay in the forest and continue the search. A few hours later she, her master and two other detectives resumed the hunt. Through an unfrequented path Poldi led the small group back to the road and then back to the Hotel Paradise. There she rushed into the room which was formerly occupied by the Baron.

The Baron had left the hotel the morning after the tragedy had occurred. He came to have a rest, and not to look at police investigations, he said when he asked for the bill. He left his address for the police in case they would require any information, though he emphasized the assertion that he knew nothing, as he was at a theatre on the night of the murder. His alibi was perfect, the porter saw him when he left and when he returned.

"Poldi" Accompanying a Bicycle Policeman on an Assignment Where Her Keen Wits and Detective Ability May Be of Service.

Nevertheless, on Poldi's silent advice the three detectives proceeded now to the apartment house where the Baron lived. Poldi and her master went up to the door of the first floor apartment and the latter rang the bell. The two others waited downstairs under the windows of the Baron. Nobody seemed to be in the apartment. The detective knocked on the door. Poldi barked. She evidently heard or smelled something. The detective knocked again, and shouted: "In the name of the law." In another moment a shot was heard and then everything became silent again.

The door was opened by force. In the luxurious living room of the apartment the Baron was found sitting in an armchair with a shotgun, one barrel of which had been discharged, between his knees. He was mortally wounded.

Poldi's excitement reached its peak. She barked and groaned and howled at the dying man. Then she suddenly freed herself from the grip of her master and jumped to the fireplace. There she whined before the glimmering fire till her master came. The fire was extinguished and the remnants of a suitcase, parts of a woman's clothes and a bundle of letters were found.

Some of the letters were still readable and thus the riddle could now be easily solved. The murdered girl was Mary von Enten. She was the orphan of a poor relative of Baron von Gruben and lived with an old aunt in a Vienna suburb. She was the sweetheart of the Baron but she was instructed by him to keep their love a secret until they could conveniently marry. Meanwhile the Baron, who had lost his fortune by unsuccessful speculations and gambling, became engaged to one of the wealthiest girls of the city. When Mary told him her secret the Baron decided to remove her from his path to riches. He wrote her that he was prepared to marry her and to make it more romantic they should elope. He told her to meet him in the Hotel Paradise.

The unfortunate girl left her home, telling her aunt that she was making a week-end excursion with a girl friend. Then she took a room in the hotel in which the Baron was already staying for several days.

Soon after the girl came the Baron left, pretending he was going to a theatre. He was, however, waiting in his motor car near the house and late in the evening he entered the house again through the window of his own room, which he had left open. Then he visited Mary and while giving her a last kiss, he cut her throat. After assuring himself that everybody in the hotel was asleep, he closed the door of Mary's room and left through his own window, carrying with him the girl's corpse, which he later buried in the woods.

And the Countess? Well, she had given her handkerchief several weeks before to the Baron, who presented it later to Mary.

In an ensuing divorce suit the handkerchief played a minor role. The corespondent, named by the husband of the much beloved Countess, was the discreet young diplomat, her companion in the Hotel Paradise—the unknown couple who discovered the blood dripping on their bed.

Thus, in detail, has been given one of "Poldi's" many detective achievements. Many fugitives she has traced and many thieves she has caught. And she was the superior of all the regular police dogs in feats of training, or life-saving, detecting objects and tests of endurance. She understood her master, Police Inspector Knapp, even when he did not speak a word or utter a sound. Watching his face, she understood the meaning of a twist of his mouth, or the shrug of a shoulder. "Poldi" has won more than two hundred prizes at various dog shows for her evidence of superior discipline, skill and accuracy.

After Police Inspector Knapp, on a hunting expedition about seven years ago, had shot the wolf mother and brought home the whining little pup, "Poldi," she developed an affection for the inspector's children. Of wild wolf parentage, the little dog once in a while would revolt against being trained and disciplined, but a soft tap from the hand of the four-year-old daughter of her master instantly suppressed the revolt. "Poldi" would turn over on her back and hold out her paws in an apologetic manner. She wagged her ears and tail and seemed to express sincere regret. Only when she was left alone did she utter the terrifying wolf-cry, that wild, wailing, despairing howl which is so well known by hunters in the forest.

During the first two years of her life she was trained with dogs already in service. She was a good pupil and she soon outmastered her masters. Her senses of hearing and smell were superior to those of the dogs, and her skill and her endurance were astonishing. She could detect the sound of a whisper at a distance of six hundred feet and could distinguish the smell of her master among dozens of policemen even at a greater distance.

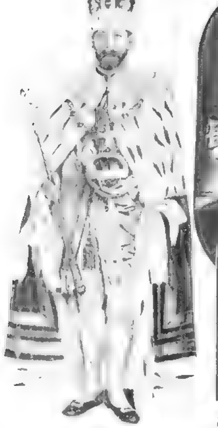
But "Poldi," at the height of her fame, developed a strong dislike for her companions in the police dog brigade. Her master is uncertain whether this was an inherited antagonism against the domesticated branch of her family or the result of the dog's personal experiences with her colleagues. Anyway, the encounters between "Poldi" and the dogs of the brigade became more and more frequent. Indeed, when off duty "Poldi" developed the habit of chasing other dogs she met on the street.

It was this lack of civility and disregard of the rules of police dog eitquette which finally led to her discharge from the police dog brigade. Her devoted master, Inspector Knapp, was so upset by the ruling against his pet and companion that he at once put in his own request for retirement from the service. So "Poldi" and her master are now civilians and are living a quiet life in a Vienna suburb.

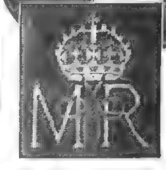
"Poldi" was once married for a short time to one of her colleagues in the police brigade and her four children are being trained by the Vienna police with the hope that they may inherit some of their distinguished mother's great detective ability.

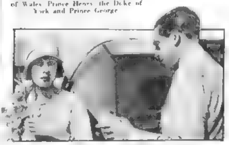
Behind the Scenes With Royalty

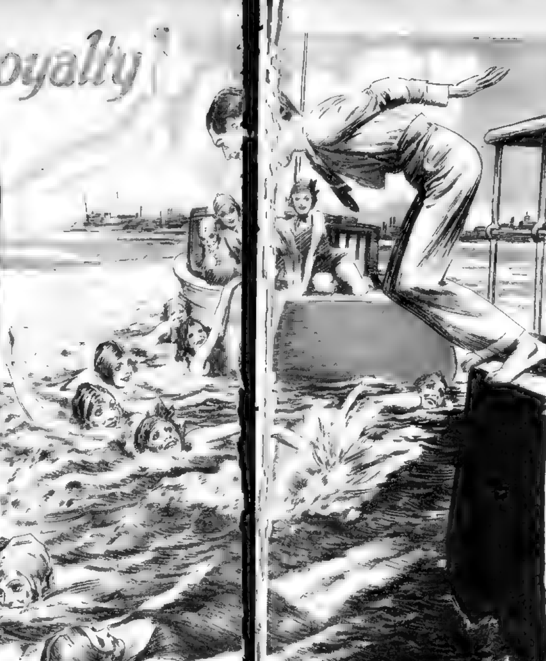
Netley Lucas, Notorious Criminal, Who Managed to Gain the Confidence of Queens, Princesses and Many Distinguished Personages, Writes of His Experiences With Some of the Crowned Heads of Europe


The King of England [illegible] in His Coronation Robes [illegible] Which of Course He [illegible] Once [illegible]

A Not Very Recent Photograph of the Royal Family of England. Seated Are the Princess Mary, Now the Countess of Harewood, and Her Mother, Queen Mary. His Majesty King George Is Standing in the Centre. The Four Sons Are Left to Right the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, the Duke of York and Prince George


A Piece of Fancy Work Embroidered by the Prince of Wales as a Present to His Mother the Queen. The Queen's Initials Are Adapted From a Piece of Elizabethan Work at Windsor Castle

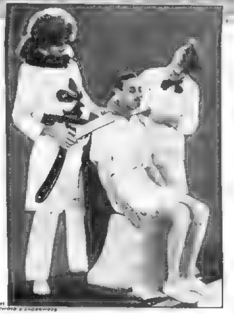

Snapshot of Prince George Presenting a Box of Candy to a Film Star During His Little Outing at Hollywood a Few Years Ago.


"At the Cowes regatta, seated on the stern deck of the King of Spain's cutter, in immaculate white yachting clothes and sipping a cocktail was Prince George. Quite near a small motor launch was cruising, from which a number of attractive young women were bathing. Apparently they did not recognise the royal yachtsman on the cutter—or did not care—for they were swimming round and round and exchanging badinage with him; principally at the expense of his sartorial magnificence. Suddenly one laughing young Aphrodite 'dared' him to come in for a swim.

"Placing his glass down, Prince George rose to his feet, threw off his cap, jacket and deck shoes and took a 'header' over the side of the royal cutter, and with lusty strokes swam in pursuit of his tormentor. The incident ended with the girls swimming back with the Prince to the Spanish boat and drinking cocktails with him on board."

Famous Old Windsor Castle, the Historic Home of the Kings of Great Britain

Interesting Photograph of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Showing Him in Costume, Wig and Make-Up as a Young Woman When He Played the Part of a Girl in a Dramatic Production Called "The Bathroom Door."


Photos Underwood & Underwood

Amusing Photograph of Prince Albert (the Duke of York) Having His Face Lathered and Shaved by Father Neptune's Aides as the British War Vessel Renown Crossed the Equator

READERS of The American Weekly will recall the astonishing confessions recently printed in these columns of that remarkable rascal Netley Lucas, born in England but an international crook who has been a criminal [illegible] Lucas is a resourceful criminal, not the violent murderer or common garden variety of crook. Although a jailbird with a criminal record known to the police of Europe, he took on the name of [illegible] Graham, forged some credentials and wrote a biography of Princess Mary, daughter of the King of England, which she graciously edited and approved. He imposed upon the British Ambassador in Madrid, who arranged for him a private audience with the Queen of Spain in the Royal Palace—and wheedled Her Majesty into collaborating with him in her biography.

Perhaps his most daring exploit was with Lord Justice Darling, one of the most severe and learned judges in the criminal courts of England. Lucas, the ex-convict, and the Lord Justice sat together in intimate conference while the rascal obtained material for the biography which the Judge never dreamed was being prepared by a beguiling criminal.

Lucas, alias Graham, is a confessed impostor and liar, and there is no certainty that all the alleged facts set forth by him on this page are true. Lucas asserts they are the truth, and at least they are interesting.

By Netley Lucas

CHAPTER I

DURING the [illegible] period of my disreputable career [illegible] wearing the mask of respectability [illegible] the biographer of many persons [illegible] royalty. Readers of The American Weekly will remember, perhaps, my narrative of my visit to the Queen of Spain in the Royal Palace in Madrid and the intimate tete-a-tete [illegible] Her Majesty showed me the fa[illegible] chatted of her life and family relations without reserve.

[illegible] that I was masquerading as [illegible] I met many persons [illegible] famous the world over and [illegible] glimpses behind the [illegible] princes and prin[illegible] human as [illegible] sisters and [illegible] or a prince is [illegible]. There are [illegible] and during [illegible] His Majesty [illegible] the halo [illegible] royalty. But after [illegible] these personages of [illegible]

Of [illegible] I was a royal biographer [illegible] of kings and princes, [illegible] every Royal Court [illegible] like a diplomat [illegible] discreet silence [illegible] that I came across. As [illegible] of kings and princes, [illegible] what I wrote for the [illegible] subjects, and in most [illegible] were returned to [illegible]

[illegible] the "nice" [illegible] as being [illegible] the person[illegible] with none of the human frailties. I remember [illegible] King George V suffers from that quite common complaint of being like a bear with a sore head first thing in the morning, and that because of his ill-temper at the breakfast-table, Queen Mary refuses to take this meal with him, and seldom sees her royal spouse before lunchtime. This is the first time that I have dared to print this. When I wrote it before, it was heavily blue-penciled from my manuscript.

There are few harder workers in the British Empire than that "royal bagman," H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and it is no secret that he plays just as hard as he works. I have seen this extraordinary young man at play as a privileged observer. You have of course seen countless pictures of the Prince indulging in most of the manly sports, aiming at the nimble golf ball, wielding a squash racket and gracefully taking a "tumble" in the hunting field.

All this is excellent and carefully arranged propaganda for the British Empire and although such a [illegible] is strenuously denied by the Royal [illegible] connected with the Court of St. James's, yet there is a press publicity department maintained at Buckingham Palace quite as versatile and wide-awake as those maintained by the big motion picture stars in Hollywood.

But there is the other side of the picture—the private playing that the sons of King George and Queen Mary do, which do not figure in the bulletins issued by the press department at the palace. The unmarried princes of England, David, Henry and George have their "nights out" like any other healthy young men, and who shall condemn them for it? For at least ten hours a day they live in the limelight—who shall deny them a few hours a night when they can properly relax and indulge in the bright light life which is the prerogative of young manhood?

Not long ago I was escorting a lady to the Embassy Club, London's smartest dance club, where nobility and members of the Corps Diplomatique are as thick as flies. Evading the maitre d'hotel I took a seat at a corner table carefully secluded and eminently suitable for a tete-a-tete with a pretty girl. Hardly had we seated ourselves, however, when a horrified maitre d'hotel rushed up and exclaimed:

"Monsieur, I am afraid that this table is reserved."

"Reserved?"

"Oui, Monsieur—it is the special table reserved for the Prince of Wales."

Of course I at once vacated it, and accepted another nearby but not so secluded. Half an hour later the Prince arrived with Lady Louis Mountbatten, General Trotter (his equerry) and the Duchess of Sutherland. The cabaret in the meantime had been held back pending H R H's arrival. As soon as the royal party had seated themselves, however, the lights were lowered as a chorus of dancing girls whirled onto the floor. When they had finished their show, they executed a finale in front of the Prince's table. He clapped and smiled acknowledgment, then leaning to his equerry murmured succinctly, "Perfectly beautiful—" H.R.H. is a knowledgeable critic of the terpsichorean art.

That same evening while the Prince was on the floor a girl accidentally caught her heel in his foot and lost her slipper. She was a very embarrassed but honored girl when the heir to the throne retrieved it for her and kneeling gallantly placed it back on her silk-clad foot. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is the royal motto of England. It is also the motto of the Order of the Garter, the most illustrious of the British Orders of Chivalry.

At a feast at the royal castle a lady lost her garter. People tittered. Edward III, King and gentleman, picked it up for her and remarking "Honi soit qui mal y pense," ordered that a garter should become the first emblem of chivalry in England. History repeats itself—almost.

Chivalry might be called the middle name of all the sons of George of England. It is the keynote of their existence and they are all adepts at doing the "right thing at the wrong moment." I saw a waiter drop a chicken destined for the table of the Prince of Wales one evening. The poor waiter went white with fright. Maitres d'hotel went livid with horror. The Prince quietly ordered that the bird should be retrieved and served to him as it was, and directed that no blame should attach to the unhappy waiter.

That same evening [illegible] was at the Ambassadeurs at Le Touquet [illegible] an American girl threw a flower from [illegible] at the Prince. It fell short. He picked it up and put it in his button-hole. Two dances later he sent his equerry to ask her to dance. And yet — the Prince of Wales will be the last King of England. So said his grandfather, King Edward VII, one day at Windsor. The 'Peacemaker' was talking with some of his ministers on the terrace of the famous castle. Suddenly a small boy in a sailor suit bicycled along one of the garden paths in front of them. It was the present heir to the throne. Turning to one of his ministers, King Edward said quietly:

"Look, my friend—there goes the last King of England!"

The Prince is unmarried. He would relinquish his right to the throne in favor of the Duke of York tomorrow if he could. But the Duke has no inclination for kingship either—nor has the third brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and as for Prince George (the "wildest" of the Royal Princes) he would probably trade his princely diadem tomorrow and go to Hollywood if the British Constitution would countenance such a move.

Prince George is the only member of the British Royal Family who has visited the motion picture capital. There are many (and some in particular) who remember that visit of his, and he'd throw off the royal yoke tomorrow and "sign" with one of the big film companies if he could. I have heard him say so. But this is not likely to happen unless the British monarchy crashes, which is unlikely at the moment anyway.

There is a charming little house quite near to Windsor Castle. It is owned by a very charming lady who is one of the most popular of the younger ladies at the Court. Her house is one of the favorite "off duty" playgrounds of the Prince of Wales and Prince George. Families often "pair off." Such is the case with the Royal Family of Windsor. The Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester (the two "serious-minded" sons) are great pals. Wales and George, both being sailors with a nautical love of a good time, occasionally prefer each other's company to that of their brothers.

I do not mean that any of the princes are bad friends—far from it. It is just that these two couples are temperamentally at loggerheads with each other—they differ in tastes and inclinations. The only sister, Princess Mary (now the Princess Royal of England), is often the happy mediator between the brothers. She loves them all with an undying affection and is in return naturally beloved as the only sister.

David and George (that is, the Prince of Wales and Prince George) are the real playboys of the Royal Family. But there has joined them [illegible] years a royal d'Artagnan—ex-King Alfonso of Spain—Europe's gayest ex-monarch and an intimate and firm pal of David and George. Together on pleasure bent, they are the Three Musketeers in Search of a Thrill. Whenever possible and they are not separated by the call of duty, they are to be seen at parties together, and are often the joint hosts at the Prince's "private place" at Sunningdale, to which only the most intimate friends are invited. Queen Mary has seen there only twice.

But to return to the Little-House-at-Windsor. One night there was a big reception at the Castle. Just as the sixteenth century clock chimed in the East Tower the hour of midnight, the sentry on the west gate saw three figures approaching him. He gave the "Who goes there?" He received the customary reply of "Friend." "Give the password, friend," demanded the stalwart Grenadier Guardsman. "Rabbits," came the low reply. Startled, the sentry was about to summon the guard when he noticed the glitter of decorations under one of the long great coats that faced him and thought better of it.

He [illegible] the strangers to a [illegible]. Then he presented arms swiftly. With a merry salute the Prince of Wales, Prince George and Don Alfonso passed by him. Tired of ceremony, the Three Musketeers made their way to a party at the Little-House-Around the Corner and half an hour later you might have seen the Prince of Wales shaking cocktails with a practised hand with Don Alfonso executing a pas seul savoring of a Spanish fandango and Prince George accompanying him with a ukulele. It was all good fun and delightfully innocent, but was an incident of the kind carefully guarded from the critical British public who like to consider their royalty as plaster saints, while in truth they are all very charming people with as much love of a good time as any other human being in the luxury of their youth.

I was staying one year at the Hotel du Palais at Biarritz. It was the season and the place was en fete as the Prince of Wales was staying in the neighborhood and King Alfonso (this was before he lost his crown) was expected over from Santander any day. One night a banquet was given in their honor and all the distinguished people in the neighborhood invited to meet the Royal visitors. The "sit down" was scheduled for 8 p. m. when the Prince and King Alfonso were expected to arrive together. Eight-thirty came and there was no sign of the guests of honor. People began to get uneasy. Nine o'clock came. Still no King and no Prince.

At nine-fifteen a servant whispered that he had located the truants. "Where?" he was asked. More whispering. Ten minutes later King Alfonso and the Prince appeared, very apologetic. The banquet proceeded. The reason for the delay was not that to which it was ascribed. King and Prince had arrived early, and secretly, at the hotel for a cocktail party, and while the great ones waited for them to sit at meat with them they were [illegible] the Dolly Sisters to the strains of a portable gramophone in the beautiful dancers' suite.

Of course the members of the Royal Family must maintain rather stiff formality in public, but when "off duty" they unbend and enjoy the things and amusements and jokes other human beings enjoy. One clever remark of the late Texas Guinan caused huge amusement in royal circles, although I doubt if the Queen relished it. While the famous "Tex" was being held for deportation in Havre, France, [illegible] reporter asked her:

"My paper urged me to ask you if it is true that you once tried to kill the Prince of Wales?"

"Are you crazy?" shrieked Texas. "If his mother's hats never killed him, how could I?"

Not many people know that the Prince of Wales is quite an expert at fancy work. Recently the Queen [illegible] a [illegible] covered with [illegible] by the Prince of Wales and given to his mother as a present. The Queen's initials were adapted from a piece of Elizabethan work at Windsor Castle. On the back of this bit of royal fancy work the Prince signed "E. P., 1932."

Just now gardening is one of the hobbies of the Prince of Wales, and he has recently become a member of the Rhododendron Society. He has been spending much of his spare time at Fort Belvedere, near Sunningdale, where he is often to be found down on his hands and knees weeding and planting. The Prince is also [illegible] can play half a dozen instruments, including the ukulele and saxophone and even bagpipes. Also the heir to the throne is something of an actor. [illegible] a few years ago the British [illegible] of His Royal Highness [illegible] in the part he took in [illegible] "Bathroom Door," in which the Prince appeared as a girl.

[illegible] when on [illegible] surrounded by a sort of sacred [illegible]. But now and then the person of a prince is not so sacred. The Duke of York (Prince Albert), the King's second son, while crossing the equator on the British warvessel Renown was seized and put through the usual ceremonies of the crossing just like any other person in the crew who was crossing the equator for the first time. Father Neptune came on board and two of his aides seized the Prince, sat him down in a chair on deck, lathered his face and went through the motions of shaving him with a huge razor. Of course no bunch of sailors would dare do such a thing ashore.

It always makes me [illegible] material which is usually [illegible] royalty. I suppose some people like to consider royal personages as being supermen and women quite different from those of ordinary blood.

The following incident, however, pleased me intensely when I witnessed it. I was staying on a yacht at Cowes for the regatta one year and going ashore one morning happened to pass near the King of Spain's cutter which lay at anchor off the Royal Yacht Squadron landing-stage. Seated on the stern deck in immaculate white yachting clothes and sipping a cocktail with the skipper was Prince George. [illegible] a small motor launch was cruising, from which a number of attractive young women were bathing. Apparently they did not recognize the royal yachtsman on the cutter—or did not care—for they were swimming round and round and exchanging badinage with him, principally at the expense of his sartorial magnificence. Suddenly one laughing young Aphrodite dared him to come in for a swim.

Placing his glass down, Prince George rose to his feet, threw off his cap, jacket and deck shoes and took a "header" over the side of the royal cutter and with lusty strokes swam in pursuit of his tormentor. The incident ended with the girls swimming back with the Prince to the Spanish boat and drinking cocktails with him on board. Such incidents makes a Britisher thank God that England has a Royal Family that can forget its solemnity on occasion and descend to the level of ordinary human beings.

When Prince George was in Hollywood he met a popular movie star at a party. They became great friends, and the beautiful actress can still count on one member of the British Royal Family seeing the premiere of her films in England. Prince George, being the youngest son, lives with his royal parents at Buckingham Pal[illegible] [illegible] own taste and quite unlike any of the rather ornate furnishing of the rest of the Palace. His private study has many interesting features, among which I noticed quite a nice portrait of this screen favorite—given to him, I am told, by the girl herself. For some years it had an honored pla[illegible] cabin when he was at sea in his capacit[illegible] tenant in the British Navy.

During the last year [illegible] of the royal sons has had to take his place as [illegible] prince, and his daily list of State duties and functions is almost as long as that of his brothers and so it is unlikely that he will be able to v[illegible] sun-kissed California again. His clear-cut, rath[illegible] rugged style of countenance and his utter la[illegible] of nervousness would, I am sure, mak[illegible] ideal subject for screen work.

Of the four sons of King George and Que[illegible] Mary, Prince George is invariably the most se[illegible] possessed. His sang-froid and savoir-faire a[illegible] commendable. Either the Navy or H[illegible] is responsible for this. The Prince of Wa[illegible] in spite of his long training [illegible] inclined to be nervous at public functions, th[illegible] Duke of York, his next brother, [illegible] slightly, although [illegible] and the Duke of Gloucester suffers from [illegible] worse disability—a desire to say the wrong thing at the wrong moment. H[illegible] his brothers for wishing the [illegible] dren "Many happy returns of the day" under t[illegible] impression that he was complimenting an o[illegible] genarian on her birthday.

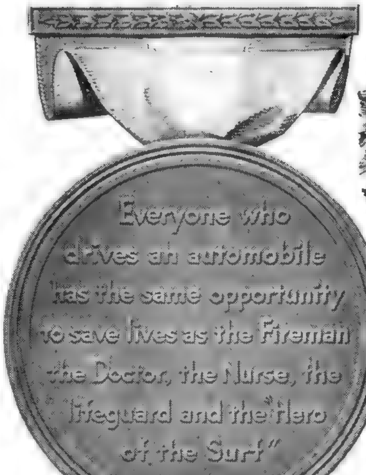
People often wonder why it is that [illegible] of the four princes of England [illegible] bride, especially when they have all the wealth and beauty of the world to choose from. Those who know the intimate family facts about the House of Windsor as I have been privileged to do cannot but be surprised at the curious fact—that neither the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester nor Prince George has ever been really and truly in love. With the Duke of Y[illegible] it is different. He [illegible] in love with Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (now his Duchess) four years before word of the romance reached the Autocrat at Buckingham Palace—Queen Mary.

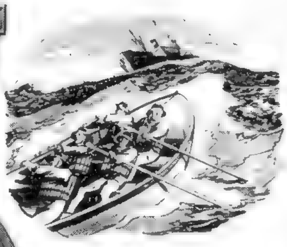
Then at first there was the deuce to pay a[illegible]

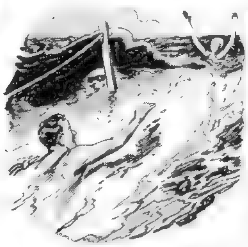
Continued on Page 18

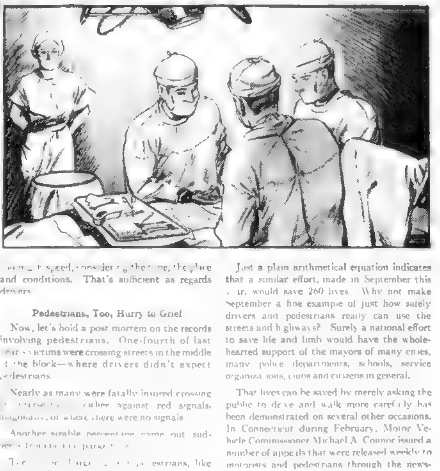
Will September Auto Accidents Reach New High For 1934?

Record of Street and Highway Casualties Next Month Could Be Exceedingly Bad, but It Need Not and May Not Be


Everyone who drives an automobile has the same opportunity to save lives as the Fireman the Doctor, the Nurse, the lifeguard and the "Hero of the Surf"







[illegible]

Looking back over [illegible] records of [illegible] The Travelers Insurance [illegible] draw [illegible] The [illegible] September. It also had five Sundays. Sounds bad for September, 1934.

There are more new fast cars on the roads [illegible] the de[illegible] They are trying them out—demonstrating to their friends who own older and less sprightly vehicles.

[illegible] per se [illegible] since [illegible]

Haste Makes Waste on Highways

[illegible] These are fairly well standardized and statis[illegible] assigned to one-third of the deaths last year was excessive speed.

[illegible] off the road [illegible] was." Many people who drive off the roadway do so because they are going too fast to stay on. Maybe it's after dark and they fail to see [illegible]

[illegible] speed, considering the time, the place and conditions. That's sufficient as regards drivers.

Pedestrians, Too, Hurry to Grief

Now, let's hold a post mortem on the records involving pedestrians. One-fourth of last year's victims were crossing streets in the middle of the block—where drivers didn't expect pedestrians.

Nearly as many were fatally injured crossing [illegible] either against red signals, diagonally, or where there were no signals.

Another sizable percentage came out suddenly from behind parked [illegible]

The [illegible] pedestrians, like drivers, is haste—trying to save minutes, possibly only seconds, at the risk of their lives.

Actuaries of The Travelers Insurance Company say that a man 35 years old has a normal expectation of life of 31.78 years, in other words, he should live 32 more years. Put that figure [illegible] To save a minute at the risk of [illegible] is a bet of 17,000,000 to 1. Rather stiff odds. No wonder one man wrote the company recently:

"This is a sucker bet I've made a good many times, but I'll never make it again."

Maybe this man had heard of the law of averages and knew that out of so many chances taken [illegible] and stay out of the hospitals.

The Optimistic Outlook for September

Now let's see why September may not be a [illegible]

[illegible] year the governors [illegible] of the states asked their citizens through proclamations and special messages to drive and walk carefully in September. And the September increase in casualties was considerably under [illegible] for the final [illegible] of the year [illegible] that the September concerted effort prevented 200 [illegible] 200 lives [illegible]

Just a plain arithmetical equation indicates that a similar effort, made in September this year, would save 260 lives. Why not make September a fine example of just how safely drivers and pedestrians really can use the streets and highways? Surely a national effort to save life and limb would have the wholehearted support of the mayors of many cities, many police departments, schools, service organizations, clubs and citizens in general.

That lives can be saved by merely asking the public to drive and walk more carefully has been demonstrated on several other occasions. In Connecticut during February, Motor Vehicle Commissioner Michael A. Connor issued a number of appeals that were released weekly to motorists and pedestrians through the newspapers. These appeals were given prominent display.

Now the month of February in Connecticut was one of severe weather conditions, and it may be assumed that these adverse weather conditions had something to do with the death rate from automobile accidents during the month. Yet the fact is, in Connecticut in 1934 only 15 persons were killed as against 35 in the same month the year before, a reduction of 57 per cent. The weather conditions which Connecticut experienced that month were not peculiar to Connecticut alone. The condition was general throughout New England as well as in other eastern states. However, while Connecticut had a 57 per cent drop in deaths in February, Maine had a drop of less than 37 per cent. Massachusetts had an increase of 47 per cent, New Hampshire had the same number of deaths for the month in both years, Rhode Island had a gain of 40 per cent in deaths and Vermont had an increase of 33 per cent. Why should Connecticut, in the month of February, when the weather conditions were practically the same in that state as in all the states in New England, have enjoyed such a drop in deaths when only one other New England state experienced a decrease and all the other New England states had increases? For the country as a whole, deaths from automobile accidents increased nearly 23 per cent in February.

Commissioner Connor issued another series of weekly appeals during the early part of the summer and as a result of the cooperation received from the press and citizens, Connecticut's record of automobile deaths is lower for the first six months of 1934 than 1933, while the nation as a whole shows an increase of more than 20 per cent.

Dire Prediction Need Not Come True

If the country's upward trend isn't definitely halted right now, there will be 36,000 automobile deaths in the country for the current year, the biggest number in record.

United action [illegible] the nation's streets and highways, initiated in September and continued throughout the remainder of the year could change the existing calamitous trend. This is an optimistic viewpoint, of course. Will you and the members of your family help?

Get This Booklet FREE— and This Interesting Test for Automobile Drivers . . .

The Great American Gamble

Learn about Automobile Accidents by experience—the experience of others—not through your own painful experience.

Get this booklet which every driver and every pedestrian should read. It's a graphically illustrated summary and examination of how [illegible] accidents occurred last year and how [illegible] of them could have been avoided. You can read and digest the facts in 30 minutes. The booklet is called "The Great American Gamble."

Also get as many copies of The Travelers test for drivers as there are drivers in your family. The test has 50 questions that you can answer in 15 minutes. The test is labeled "How Good a Driver Are You?"

You will find entertainment as well as instruction in it.

Ask any agent of The Travelers Insurance Company for the booklet and tests, or use the coupon and mail to

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

THE TRAVELERS A W 8 24 34
Hartford, Connecticut
Please send me without cost or obligation, [illegible] copies of The Travelers [illegible] test. Also send the FREE booklet, "The Great American Gamble."
Name
Address
City State

An advertisement published in the interest of safety by The Travelers Insurance Company

The Mating of Dan Yeo. By [illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DAN YEO [illegible] Ransome [illegible] Kee and two other [illegible] threaten [illegible]

CHAPTER III.

Rescue.

DAN YEO was exasperated at his predicament, not the [illegible] that he was in peril, [illegible] something that might be worse [illegible] helped him to curb it.

The ruffians were in earnest, they were convinced that he had the secret they desired, and by hook or crook they meant to extract it from him.

Nothing he could say would convince them of his ignorance of the secret habitat of that bird of wonder, and if they proceeded to violence—

He stood there wondering which was the best way out. The door by which he had entered was already closed to him, barred by the two Orientals who had taken up their stations there. At the side opposite the one where he stood, curtained by strips of bamboo string, was the doorway from which the woman Manya had emerged.

It was unguarded, and what sort of rabbit warren lay behind it he could only guess, but at the moment it seemed the only feasible way out of the corner in which he found himself. There was another—cut through the mosquito curtains in the front of the veranda, but if his break through was not clear, if the curtains rather loosely hung tangled him up in any way, the attempt would end disastrously.

He stood there considering, his mind working at lightning speed whilst the others watched him, the Chinese with ferocious intentness, the American mockingly, the Dutchman with characteristic phlegm, the Englishman a trifle satirically, the pistol still in his hand, the blue muzzle of it holding the threat of death in the case of overt action on his part.

He was in a fine quandary. Three quick steps would carry him to that rattaned doorway, and one would take him to the lamp. A leap forward, a smashing blow with his fist would plunge the veranda into darkness, and in the confusion —

A sound broke into his galloping thoughts which made him cock his ears—the sound of rowlocks coming through the sultry stillness of the night. He listened intently and heard a keel grate on the sand nearby, then he looked at the men about him to discover if they had heard the sounds. Apparently they had not; for they were watching him tensely waiting his decision, and suddenly he made up his mind to play for time.

"If I knew—" he began.

"You'd better know," said the Englishman with cold aloofness. "Sun Kee there is not to be monkeyed with . . . You've three minutes grace in which to make up your mind."

The fellow took out a gold hunter watch, opened it, glanced at it coolly to mark the time as he spoke, and remained with it open in his hand, whilst giving his exasperation rein. Yeo began to reply.

"I tell you that I don't—"

"Tell us the place," interrupted the other with a cold laugh. "We're not interested in the lies your fancy paints."

Dan Yeo did not continue. He had three minutes, probably more, and in that three minutes there was bound to be an intervention. That boat must have landed someone, who, almost certainly would be coming to Sun Kee's store, which was the only place open in all the crescent street. If—

Steps sounded through the [illegible], approached the store, then ceased abruptly, as if the [illegible] man had been brought to a sudden halt. Yeo found that of good augury. Whoever the man outside was he had observed that something unusual was happening on the veranda and doubtless had paused to investigate.

He listened intently, though his eyes were fixed on the men in front of him, and then through the utter silence came the sound of the steps again, as it seemed to him purposely noisy.

"Sachsen!" grunted the Dutchman.

Yeo's new hope died suddenly. If the newcomer were indeed the fat skipper of the Dordrechter there was no help in him, for the man's reputation was utterly bad. He prepared for action, just as the man with the pistol snapped the watch, and said laconically:

"Time's up! Now, Yeo. . . ."

In that same second Yeo leaped for the lamp and his fist shattered it into a hundred fragments, plunging the room in darkness. He heard Sun Kee cry out, whilst the Englishman who seemed to be the head of the unholy confederacy shouted roaringly:

"Stop him!"

He touched someone, who made a grab at him, catching his arm. Instantly he made a sharp jab with his fist and caught a chin. The man so struck released his hold, but cried out warningly, and others ran towards him.

"Show a glim, Ransome," cried a raucous voice which Yeo recognized for the American's.

The man was very close to him, and Yeo struck savagely in the direction from which the sound came. He caught a shoulder, and there was a shout.

"Holy snakes!"

He plunged forward in the direction of the curtained doorway as he hoped, but just as a match spluttered and flared, a Chinese grabbed him. He flung the man

(Continued on Page 14)

Give Your Child Its Annual Health Outfitting

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

THE school-bell is about to ring! Farewell to vacation days! Only another week or so left before Molly and Tommy, Barbara and Bobby, will hasten to join up in the Great Push and offensive to storm the last ramparts of Old Fort Education!

New suits and new caps, new frocks and frills, are already the concern of the busy Mother who wishes, naturally, to see her child enter school well equipped and well outfitted. But needful as clothing, school satchels, or similar and visible items of getting ready for the Autumn semester, what about the equally important if less apparent items of health outfitting?

It seems the right of every child, at the entrance of the school year to be as well equipped physically (and psychically) as he is materially. What about his eyes, his teeth, his nose and throat, to say nothing of conditions often less obvious? Is his mother concerned with this kind of health outfitting?

Every child should receive a thorough physical examination or checkup by a qualified physician or clinic, at least once a year. This may include a scientific blood count, a metabolism test, urinary analysis and other chemical tests so necessary to a sound health program.

If Doris, for example, is growing like the proverbial weed, and fails to get a pound heavier in spite of good food in sufficient quantity, it is probably due to her high rate of metabolism—she burns up too much food too fast.

Or if Herbert seems all tired out much of the time with little desire to engage in usual boyish sports, possibly he has a glandular disturbance which will yield to modern treatment far more effectively than if he is constantly admonished by teachers and parents not to be so lazy.

Similarly, it is well known that children who are failing in their studies, who don't make good grades, are sometimes the victims of faulty eyesight (which makes them inattentive in class), or their adenoidal condition makes them appear (and be) stupid. Or again, neglected teeth may cause sudden toothaches with resultant loss of school attendance.

Parents and Mothers should take steps to have some kind of health outfitting followed for their children, whether these children seem well and hearty or the reverse is true. All too often a health examination is not taken until the person is adult, or until some visible signs of illness are noticed. How much suffering, delay, and expense would be saved if children were given a true health outfitting as frequently as they are given new clothing outfits!

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Millions
of Housewives wanted it . . . . and Here it is at Last!
ROYAL GELATIN ASPIC
with meat-like flavor

For economy in packaging, and to price Royal Gelatin Aspic as low as Royal Gelatin Desserts, the Aspic is packed in the same size package as the Desserts. Although the dry contents do not fill the Aspic package, they will make the same quantity of jelly (one pint) as is obtained from a package of Royal Gelatin Dessert.

ROYAL
ASPIC
ROYAL
GELATIN
ASPIC
Unsweetened Quick Setting
NET WT.

For Jellied Meats *and* Moulded Salads

HERE'S good news for sizzling summer days! Cooling jellied meats and moulded salads are now as easy and quick to make as a simple gelatin dessert.

You make them with Royal Gelatin Aspic, the new unsweetened gelatin . . . with meat-like flavor already in it.

Just read the recipes on this page. Every one makes a dish as delicious and attractive as those served at fine hotels, prepared by master chefs.

Yet how easy they are to make with Royal Gelatin Aspic. It is ready for instant use. No meat stock to prepare . . . no bothersome soaking of gelatin.

Just dissolve Royal Gelatin Aspic according to the directions on the package, chill—and you have a tempting and cooling jellied bouillon. Chopped, or cut in cubes, it makes a sparkling garnish to "dress up" a platter of cold sliced meats.

Jellied Tuna Fish and Vegetables

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup cold water. Chill. Mix together 1 cup tuna fish, shredded, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons chopped pickles; let stand. When gelatin mixture begins to thicken, stir in tuna fish mixture, also ½ cup cooked peas and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Pour in mould; chill until firm. Cut in squares or slices and serve with salad greens and mayonnaise. Serves 8.

Use up your Left-overs

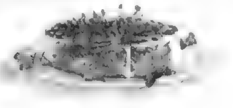
Take those odds and ends of meat and vegetables that often go to waste . . . and mould them in a cool, sparkling sheath of Royal Gelatin Aspic. There's your main dish for lunch or dinner—delicious, and economical!

Try Royal Gelatin Aspic . . . tomorrow. It sells for the same low price as Royal Gelatin Desserts and Royal Puddings. Directions and 9 fascinating recipes with each package.

SAVE THESE RECIPES—YOU'LL WANT TO TRY THEM ALL

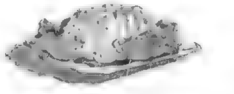
Egg and Pickle Salad

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water; add ¾ cup cold water and ½ teaspoon salt. Chill until mixture begins to thicken, then add ½ cup mayonnaise. Cut 4 hard-cooked eggs in halves, lengthwise, then cut into thick slices and add to gelatin mixture; add ¼ cup chopped pickles. Pour into mould and chill until firm. If desired, 4 tablespoons ketchup or chili sauce may be added with the cold water. Serves 6.



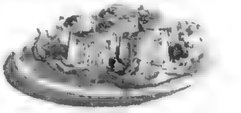
Creole Salad

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup tomato juice; chill until it begins to thicken. Add 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento, ½ cup chopped cucumber and ¼ cup chopped celery. Pour into mould. Chill until firm. Serves 6.



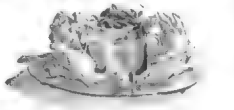
Macaroni Loaf

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water; add ¾ cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken; beat in ⅔ cup Russian Dressing. Add 1 cup cooked elbow macaroni, ⅔ cup chopped white cabbage, 3 tablespoons minced pimiento and 2 tablespoons minced green pepper. Pour in mould. Chill until firm. If desired, add few drops Worcestershire Sauce or onion juice. Serves 8.



Cabbage and Chipped Beef Salad

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Add 1½ cups chopped cabbage, ½ cup chipped beef, shredded, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, and 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles. Mould in individual moulds or in loaf pan. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

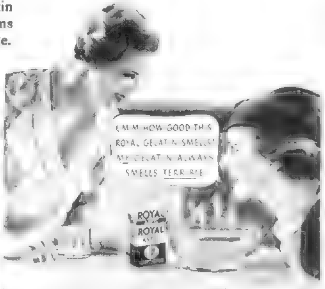


Stuffed Tomatoes in Aspic

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water; chill until it begins to thicken. Meantime, peel 4 small tomatoes, scoop out; sprinkle with salt; stuff with mixture of ½ cup crab meat, flaked, and ½ cup chopped celery, moistened with mayonnaise. Pour a little gelatin mixture in bottom of four large individual moulds. Chill until firm. Place a tomato, top down, in each mould; fill with thickened gelatin mixture to cover tomato. Chill until firm. Serves 4

Ham Luncheon Ring

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water, add ¾ cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Gradually beat in ¾ cup mayonnaise; add 1½ cups cold ham, cut in small pieces, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper and 2 tablespoons minced dill pickle. Mould in ring mould or loaf pan. Chill until firm. Serves 8.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MY GELATIN ALWAYS SMELLS TERRIBLE
ROYAL
ROYAL

Smell it when it's Hot!

The next time you add the hot water to dissolve your gelatin, bend over the bowl and smell the vapor that rises. With Royal Gelatin, the aroma is delightful. This test will convince you of Royal Gelatin's fine quality.

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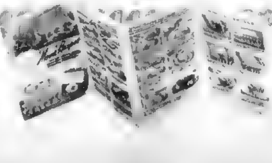

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The Mating of Dan Yeo

B O B

"A very pretty tough spot," the Man Bent... [illegible]

CHAPTER IV

Jack Cardon

S[illegible]

(Continued on Page 19)

TIRED FROM TOURING—and then they smoked a CAMEL!

THROW OFF THAT TIRED FEELING

this quick and enjoyable way!

Here's the way to deal with fatigue: Pull out a Camel and light up! Enjoy its rich, pleasing taste. And before many minutes have passed you feel a delightful renewal of your [illegible]

Camel smokers have known of this "energizing effect" in [illegible] years. And word has come recently from science [illegible] experience. It is natural and wholesome. Now wider understanding of this remarkable effect has focused national interest on Camels! They are smoked and discussed wherever you go. Join those who find new enjoyment and refreshment in smoking as they "get a lift with a Camel!" Camels are not flat, or "sweetish," but truly mild.

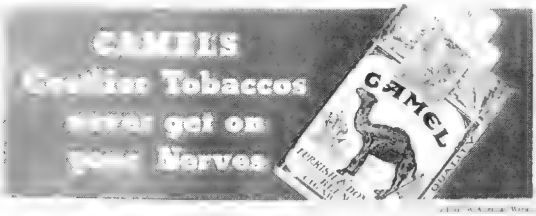
Smoke steadily? Of course! Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS, and *do not get on the nerves!*

"Camels always chase that tired feeling away. Any time I'm 'all in' I know that Camels will give me a 'lift' in energy."

"BILL" CUMMINGS

Winner of the Indianapolis Speedway Classic

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand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Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

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...AND MANY AUTOMOBILE
MANUFACTURERS HAVE ANNOUNCED
NEW LOW PRICES ON

SAFETY GLASS
all-around

Less than 2 cents a day on your new car payments.

YOUR FAMILY RIDES IN BACK
THEY NEED THE ADDED PROTECTION OF SAFETY GLASS IN ALL THE WINDOWS

WARNING Unless you tell the dealer you want Safety Glass ALL-AROUND, chances are you will get it in the windshield and ventilators only. At the new low prices, it is foolish, even reckless, to buy a new car without insisting on it in the windows.

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SAFETY GLASS

She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

IT IS a blow to Kent Wilburn to learn that his young son Bob has loaned Freda Miller, who admits to being eight years older than the boy, the money to establish a stenographic bureau on Park Avenue, and intends to marry her as soon as he comes into the rest of his money. Kent is especially distressed because Bob is already engaged to lovely Ann Quinn who lives on an adjoining Long Island estate.

Freda is not sure she wants to marry Bob, although his love for her takes away her loneliness and restores her faith in men somewhat.

Believing Bob's real happiness lies with Ann, Kent calls upon Freda. He is impressed by her beauty and intelligence but thinks she must be a gold digger even though she refuses his overtures to buy her off.

Under the impression that Freda and his father like each other, Bob brings her out for the week-end. While he is breaking his engagement with Ann, Kent offers to marry Freda explaining that he is willing to do anything to save Bob the disillusionment of finding she does not love him after they are married. He still believes her an adventuress but acknowledges she is the first woman really to attract him since his wife's death.

Freda admitting she is drawn to him in spite of her hatred, considers his proposal an insult and leaves. Kent follows her in his car, whimsically requesting her to return at each station the train stops.

When Kent admits asking Freda to marry him Bob strikes him and rushes out in a rage.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two Weary People.

THINKING it over, Kent sat very still in the armchair for a long time after Bob had gone. The cigarette slowly burnt itself out, the ash falling unheeded onto the thick gray carpet.

He felt no sense of anger, only an awful weariness that pervaded his whole body. The morning light in the room deepened from pale pinky gray to orange. The sun shone in through the windows, drawing the shadows out of the corners and dispersing them in its brilliancy. The morning sounds in the street below became loud and definite, and still Kent sat without moving.

Bob and he had quarreled bitterly over this woman. Or rather, Bob had quarreled with him. There was no woman in the world he would have quarreled with Bob over.

Perhaps he shouldn't have interfered between Freda and Bob. But how hard it is not to interfere when you see your own son heading for his destruction. He knew that a marriage between them would be a miserable failure. The events of the past week-end had only strengthened this belief. Whether she was an adventuress or not didn't make any difference. They were simply not suited.

But what could he do about it? Nothing for the moment. He must wait and see how things panned out. Perhaps she would take the next step.

"Oh, blame her," he thought. "Blame all women. What a pleasant place the world would be without them!"

Which were rather startling sentiments for Mr. Kent Wilburn.

Freda had not slept very well either; as a matter of fact she had scarcely closed her eyes. It had been an incredible night. Time and again in her mind she went over the past events, right from the moment Bob had gone off to the Quinns' and left her with Kent.

She was honest enough to admit that at first she had not minded being left alone with Kent. They might fight all the time but she derived a certain exhilaration from crossing swords with him. An exhilaration she couldn't account for.

But he had gone too far when he had made that incredible proposal of marriage. Of all the insults he had heaped upon her that was the one which had whipped her to the raw; which even now she couldn't think of without quivering all over with a deep ingrained hurt, a queer stinging mortification. Yet why should that have upset her so much?

Again she could find no satisfactory answer. Repeatedly she told herself it was because she hated him so much. Yet she knew, with an aching sense of shame she did not hate him as much as she would have liked to. Why? Was it because of that slight crooked smile of his that, at times, could be frankly charming? Or because he actually had said, "I'm sorry. I suppose I have behaved pretty terribly." If only she could believe that he was genuinely sorry! But he wasn't, of course. "And anyhow I could never forgive him," she repeated for about the hundredth time.

When the sunlight came she crept out of bed and wrapping a silk kimono about her she went over to the window. There was a flowered cretonne-covered ottoman under the window ledge; she curled herself on this, propping her chin up on one small clenched fist and stared down onto the roofs of New York that were glistening in the fresh morning sunlight. A glorious day, with a slight breeze that had a pleasant tang to it, but, for some reason, the loveliness of the day only made her feel more lonely and depressed.

It was strange how lonely she had been feeling lately, or perhaps she had been lonely ever since Clive had married that other woman, only she had never allowed herself to admit it. An awful thing, loneliness. Far worse than ill health, or not having any money. Poverty wasn't at all bad when you had someone to share it with you, and illness wasn't so bad either if you had someone you loved to take care of you. But loneliness was a continual gnawing hurt that you could do nothing about.

Perhaps loneliness was worse for a woman than for a man. The instinct to be taken care of is deeply ingrained in every woman, and men seem rather to enjoy independence. At least they make a boast that they do. At one time Freda, too, had boasted that she enjoyed independence. She had pictured herself in the role of the modern independent bachelor woman with far too many important things to occupy her mind to be bothered about men.

She had pretended she lived for her business and even made such rash statements as "the modern girl is far happier in an office than in a home." But she realized now, with a bitter stab of wisdom, how very hollow her sham had been. Some men may live fairly successfully without women, but it's doubtful if the woman has been born who can live happily without a man.

Probably because they realize this instinctively they make such a shout about their independence. The eternal age old instinct of evading the truth. Still for the past four years Freda had managed without men, except in the guise of friends. But she hadn't been happy. Otherwise would she have accepted the young love Bob had offered her so eagerly? It is pleasant to be loved, even if you don't really love the other person in return. Freda had found it especially pleasant because, except for her love affair with Clive, she had led a hard and not very happy life.

Her mother had died when she was about ten, her father had married again and had proceeded promptly to raise a large family. Freda had spent all her young girlhood when she should have been out enjoying herself helping her step-mother with the younger children. Then her father had died and, unexpectedly, her step-mother had married a Canadian farmer and transported her entire family to Canada.

Freda had had no inclination to go with them, and certainly her step-mother had not been pressing. Rather grudgingly she had left Freda five hundred dollars and with this she had taken a business course and supported herelf until she found a job. She had worked hard and saved money, always with the idea of opening a business of her own. But that money she had lent to Clive to have his operation and go abroad on. Later when, after his marriage to the wealthy widow he returned it to her, she had too little heart to think about the business. She invested it in stock which proved worthless. Then she met Bob.

Being with him, being gay and happy once more, had given her a fresh impetus. She told him about her idea for the stenographic bureau, and he had insisted upon lending her the money. For a long time she fought against taking it, but he was so pressing that, at last, she agreed. She was convinced she could make a success of it. And, after all, didn't life owe her something? she argued. She had always given her very best to it and, up till her meeting with Bob, it had given her little but nasty knocks in return.

Her business had started to prosper, all had been going well . . . then Kent had intervened. Once again, she felt, life had sat up on its haunches and given her a good hard whack across the face. Well, she ought to be used to that. She had been twenty-five when Clive had let her down; now she was thirty.

At least they should have taught her not to give a whoop what a man did or said. Especially a man like Kent Wilburn. A man who had everything she hadn't, at least everything in a worldly sense, who didn't have to worry where his next cent was coming from, who did no work, unless you considered the driving of fast racing cars work, who had a definite social position and not a care in the world. . . . Surely with all those advantages he should have been decent? Not rude, and sarcastic and cruel.

Oh, how despicable he was! And even if he had a charming smile, a tall supple body with almost a woman's grace to his movements, laughter that could be so infectious, blue eyes that had, at times, a genuinely merry twinkle in them, that didn't make any difference. No, of course, it didn't make any difference, except for some odd reason to make her feel more intensely miserable.

"Oh," she murmured illogically with a little stifled moan, "if I could only hate him enough I'd be so much happier!"

She didn't definitely know why she started to cry, but on this clear Spring morning the sense of loneliness was more than she could bear. "Stop crying, you little fool," she admonished herself angrily. "You're thirty. You ought to have more sense. Crying like a schoolgirl over nothing at all. What did you expect when you went down there? Did you expect him to come out, bow to the ground, and welcome you effusively? You know you only went to annoy him, so what have you to grumble at?"

All the same she couldn't stop crying. She sat there, curled up on the ottoman, her head sunk in her arms, and cried and cried. She was furious with herself, but she could do nothing about it.

The door bell rang. She glanced up at the clock on her mantelshelf with a start. Who would be ringing her bell at eight-thirty on a Sunday morning? It might be Gwen. Her apartment was not very far away. Often she dropped in at odd hours to have an informal chat. But she didn't want to see Gwen or anyone that morning.

"I'll play possum," she thought, but when the ringing persisted and was followed by a loud knocking her curiosity got the better of her. She wiped her eyes hastily, went to the door and called, "Who's there?"

"It's me—Bob. Freda darling, open the door. Please open the door at once." He sounded hoarse, even desperate.

"Bob, what are you doing here at this hour?" Her voice was faint with surprise. "And I can't possibly open the door."

"Of course you can, darling. You must. I've just driven up from Long Island. I've been nearly mad wondering what had become of you. Do let me come in. I simply must see you."

"Well," she wavered, "wait a minute."

She ran back to the bedroom, seized up her powder puff and did her best to disguise the fact that she'd been crying. She even flattered herself she had succeeded. But Bob took one look at her and knew at once. A man does know, when he's in love with a girl.

"You've been crying," he accused the moment she had let him in and he stood facing her. "Oh, my darling. Why have you been crying?"

He was so big and broad he filled the entire doorway. The sunshine, which fell in through a small top skylight, burnished his light brown hair to a coppery tinge; his good-looking, rather blunt features were anxious and distressed.

"No reason." She smiled weakly. "Can't a girl just cry for no reason at all?"

"Not my girl," he said. "And I think I know the reason."

"Nonsense." She shook her head. "You can't possibly know the reason."

"I do," he persisted stubbornly. "It's something Dad said to you, isn't it?"

Again she shook her head. "Of course it isn't."

But she sniffed suspiciously and she had a horrible fear she was going to cry again. Then, before she could prevent it, she found she was in his arms. He was saying, "Oh, my dearest beloved, I'm so mortified I don't know what to say, what to do. What can I do to make it up to you? When the one thing I wanted most in the whole world was to make you happy and I let you in for a thing like that! No wonder you ran away, you poor little darling. To think of you being insulted under our very roof! I've told Dad just what I think of him," grimly. "He knows it will never be the same between him and me again. I've left his house for good. I . . ."

"But, Bob, why did you do that?" She raised her startled face out of his smothering embrace. "You shouldn't have. And, after all, it wasn't anything very dreadful. He didn't mean it. It was probably all a joke which I took too seriously. I can't have been feeling well . . . or something."

Yet, even while she said it, it struck her as queer that she should be defending Kent. Why did she? She couldn't understand it herself.

"Generous of you to take the blame, darling. You would, of course. You're such a little sportsman. But if you hadn't felt rottenly about it, you wouldn't have been crying before I came, would you? And certainly you wouldn't have cleared out the way you did. Of course he hurt you terribly, and I don't wonder at it. Well, everything is over between us. I don't care whether he is my father or not."

"But, Bob," she remonstrated breathlessly, "that's—that's absurd. Besides, if you leave his house, where can you go? And . . . I'm sure you're making a mountain out of a mole-hill. I . . ."

"Where else can I go?" he interrupted, and now there was a note of exhilaration in his hoarse young voice. "I'm going to have a home of my own, beloved. We are going to have a home of our own. I've got my own money. I'm quite independent of him. We'll be married just as soon as it can be arranged. Darling, we will be married, won't we? Soon, very soon. I can't wait now. I want to have you all for my very own, to love you, to look after

(Continued on Page 19)

Resting? NO...SHE IS EXERCISING VIGOROUSLY

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DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Baldly Speaking

Dandruff is Nature's danger signal that all is not well with the health of your scalp. Mind it, brother, and get rid of dandruff, if you would avoid thinning hair and possible baldness. At least once a week massage the scalp gently with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Work round and round until it feels thoroughly loose. Till it tingles, glows with renewed circulation. Then shampoo. These regular treatments are healthful and stimulating. They remove dandruff particles and cleanse the pores so the new hairs may grow freely. Overcome dryness, give life and lustre to the hair. Why not try a bottle?

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic in shaker-top bottles at 40c and 70c. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it.

•

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE Look for the trademark VASELINE when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Consolidated, 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1934, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

How ONE COMPANY electrified a WHOLE INDUSTRY and made battling competitors do an ABOUT FACE

You need tires that GRIP *for fast quick stops in modern traffic—and "G-3" All-Weather keeps its grip 43% longer!*

"G-3"
43% MORE NON-SKID MILEAGE
MORE NON-SKID BLOCKS
WIDER RIDING RIBS
FLATTER, THICKER TREAD
COSTS NO MORE

Sweeping success of new "G-3" All-Weather—the tire that defies fast tread-wear—greatest tire sensation in years

Price-cutting competition forgotten in struggle to catch up

IT IS no secret that competition is bitter in the tire business.

During recent years it has sunk in some cases to the use of personal attacks, innuendo, price-cutting, tricky guarantees — anything to tempt buyers away from the most popular tire in the world.

But today all this is changed. The tire industry is *united*—united in an effort to catch up with Goodyear's great new tire, the "G-3" All-Weather!

The tire that started the stampede

Four short months ago came the first announcement of this spectacular tire—the dramatic story of its development by months of hard work in the laboratories and grueling tests on the roads.

Here was a story that car owners could understand—here were claims they could believe—here was a tire with something they *wanted—43% more miles of real non-skid mileage.*

And almost overnight, a rush of buying started. Within the first week, Goodyear dealers sold more tires than any other dealers had sold in the same space of time for years.

No wonder the lights have been burning nightly over the drawing boards in the drafting rooms of Akron!

Why "G-3" can "take it"

Here are the reasons the "G-3" All-Weather stood up on test cars pounding over the roads 24 hours a day—why this tire kept going, even though brakes went out every 8 hours and had to be relined every 72.

You get a broader tread—more rubber against the road.

You get a flatter tread—less "squirming" and chafing. You get a heavier tread—an average of 2 pounds more rubber per tire.

You get more non-skid blocks in the center of the tread—more grip, quicker stops then ever before.

WARNING!

Look at the NON-SKID in the center of this tread—the spot that counts, because that's where the tread contacts the ground. When it comes to *safety*, insurance figures show that 5½ times as many accidents are due to *skidding* as to blowouts and punctures combined. Remember this when others try to duplicate what the "G-3" gives you: *You have to have "NON-SKID" before any tire can give you "NON-SKID MILEAGE"* and safety—and you have to have Goodyear Supertwist beneath this type of tread to make it a real success.

And you get Goodyear's patented Supertwist cord in every ply—the cord with the extra resilience, the extra endurance, the extra "come-back" to stand up under this heavier, wider load of rubber.

Go now, see the new "G-3" at your Goodyear dealer's. With all its extra miles of safety—with all its extra toughness and extra measure of new, live rubber in the tread—this great tire costs *nothing extra to buy.*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Behind the Scenes With Royalty—By Netley Lucas

(Continued from Double Page)

it took the Duke over a year to wear down parental opposition to the marriage. Princess Mary (whose biography I had the honor to write with her royal permission) was the victim of a "mariage de convenance." Her marriage was not a love match for reasons which I shall reveal in a later article. Prince George has imagined himself in love half a dozen times. He might have married, but a certain young Earl "beat him to it" and out-rivaled him with a certain very pretty young lady of the Court—Miss "Mollie" Lascelles, now Countess of Dalkeith. He's got over that now, and I should not be a bit surprised if he is married this year to Princess Ingrid of Sweden, to whom he has paid marked court.

And now the Prince—the heir and hope of the Royal House of Windsor. Why hasn't the Prince of Wales married is a question that the whole world has been asking for ten years or more. Why? I venture to predict that before the next two years are over there will be a Princess of Wales. This is more than a prophecy. It has been determined at Buckingham Palace.

"David must marry," Queen Mary has said—and when Her Majesty makes up her mind, especially about anything in connection with her own family, it is a foregone conclusion that it will happen. The Prince has been "given time" to find a bride. An ultimatum has been issued to him. Where his choice will fall his Royal Parents and the whole world are wondering.

Buckingham Palace—or "Buck House" as it is known and referred to informally by the members of the British Royal Family among themselves—is one of the landmarks of London. But it is more than that. It contains more secrets than any other building in the British Empire, and if you were to ask nine hundred and ninety-nine Britishers out of a thousand, they couldn't even tell you how many rooms it has. Closely guarded by sentries—policed by dozens of detectives—with its own post and telegraph office, it is the "mystery house" of the world.

And amid its historic splendor, its long passages decorated with priceless antiques and "old masters," there lives the loneliest man in the world—His Britannic Majesty George V, King of Great Britain and Emperor of India; the monarch of whom satirical Max Beerbohm, the famous wit and caricaturist, once wrote: "By few beloved; by no man feared—the man with the receding beard!"

It has been said that England has no King—only a Queen. Queen Mary of England is believed by many to rule the British Empire as surely as the late Queen Victoria. Queen Mary has pep and personality — she also has a mind of her own. Her word is law—and there is only one man in the British Empire who dare say her nay—her eldest son, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

For ten years the Queen has reiterated to the Prince: "David, you must marry!" H. R. H. invariably smiles tolerantly at his mother, for this has so long been a bone of contention between them. Queen Mary has a list of suitable "Princesses of Wales." Now and then she adds to the list. This matrimonial calendar is international in import; it contains the names of several "Princesses" of the United States of America. The Prince vanishes when his royal mother produces that list from her writing desk. Once she cornered him and read the names over. There were seven eligible ladies of English birth at the top of the list. When he heard these names H. R. H. remarked with a smile: "All very charming girls, mother—you'd rather I 'bought British,' wouldn't you?" That closed the interview.

Queen Mary loves matchmaking, but her family is not so tractable as it should be in this direction. So far, she has only succeeded in marrying off her daughter and her second son—the Duke of York. The Queen sought for a long time to find a suitable husband for her only daughter. He had to be of the aristocracy—but he had also to be wealthy; for the Royal Family of England is not immensely rich.

Princess Mary wanted to choose her own husband. There was a young naval officer—a pal of her brother Prince George. But when the Queen heard a rumor of this, that young officer was promptly transferred to the British naval station in China—and kept there. One day the Earl of Dalkeith, scion of a noble house and an officer in the Guards, received a summons from Her Majesty to go to Windsor Castle, where the Queen wanted to see him. Now this young officer happened to be a particular pal of the Prince of Wales. H. R. H. heard of the summons to Windsor Castle. He also knew—although the Earl didn't—that he was on the Queen's list of suitable husbands for the "Royal Mary" (Princess Mary—whose biography I had the honor to write in collaboration with the Princess in 1929), and that Queen Mary intended to suggest to the Earl of Dalkeith that he would be acceptable.

Promptly the Prince telephoned his Guardsman pal at Wellington Barracks, and warned him what was afoot. As the Earl was in love with the beautiful "Mollie" Lascelles (who is now his wife), and certainly did not want to marry anyone else—even the only daughter of the King and Queen of England—he promptly heeded H. R. H.'s warning and arranged not to receive officially the royal command to Windsor Castle. The Queen suspected what had happened and erased his name as a possible husband for Princess Mary, and the young Earl breathed a sigh of relief.

But as all the world knows, Lord Lascelles (now the Earl of Harewood), was chosen instead of the Earl of Dalkeith, and with due pomp and circumstance became a matrimonial relation of the Royal Family. Queen Mary bought her daughter's trousseau. It was typically Victorian—no pretty-pretties. On the honeymoon Viscount and Viscountess Lascelles, the newly married pair, broke their journey to Italy in Paris—ostensibly to receive the homage of the French Government; but the Princess, free at last of her royal mother's apron strings, improved the occasion by scrapping her trousseau bought by her mother, and bought a completely new outfit of the latest in French lingerie. Some weeks later, however, Queen Mary, happening to go into her daughter's bedroom at Chesterfield House on her return from her honeymoon, saw the luxurious pretty-pretties. She was aghast. She turned to her daughter: "Mary, where did you get these?"

"In Paris, mother," replied the Princess.

"Paris!" snorted Her Majesty, "and such things; they are positively immoral!"

Would the reader like to know how the King of England lives?

He sleeps—not in an ornate bedroom, but in a rather austere apartment, containing a single bed, and furniture such as you would see in any moderately wealthy home. He has a private bathroom and a shower. Twice a day he takes a shower—in the morning and before he "dresses for dinner" in the evening. With British punctiliousness, all the members of the British Royal Family put on evening dress in the evenings. And the men don't even wear "tuxedos"—it's always full evening dress. The Prince of Wales did once go to dinner with his parents in a "tuxedo," but his mother's stony stare of disapproval made him never repeat the offence.

The King of England is called at 8 a. m. every morning by his valet. He takes tea in bed—a typically English luxury. He rises at 8:30, takes his shower and then in a dressing gown takes his breakfast in his own breakfast room. As a strict formality, he sends the Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen's apartments to inquire of Her Majesty's Lady-in-Waiting as to the Queen's health and hoping that she has spent a restful night. Bananas and cream (of which King George is very fond) is followed by bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.

The Lord-in-Waiting will meanwhile read from the morning paper to the King—if His Majesty feels like hearing the day's news! After breakfast, he finishes dressing and then goes to his study. Sir Clive Wigram, his Private Secretary, there awaits him with part of his correspondence and documents of State. The King reads these, and makes marginal notes with a gold pencil. His letters he signs with an old-fashioned quill pen such as was used in the days of his Royal Grandmother—Queen Victoria. On his desk in a gold frame is a card containing a list of his day's engagements.

"H'm," he says, "10:30, audience of the new Ambassador to Ruritania, Sir S—— Y——, I see. Suppose the P. M. (Prime Minister) wanted to get rid of him from the Opposition? 11 p. m. that explorer fellow back from the Arctic. He should be interesting. 11:30, the tailor. Why the deuce—I've too many clothes already. By the way, Wigram, tell the Prince of Wales I want to see him this afternoon about his new tour. . ."

"Very well, Sir," replies the patient Secretary, and retires to his own cabinet to convey the message to Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince of Wales' Private Secretary. This is how the "Most Important King in the World" deals with his daily job of work. Audiences over, he lunches with the Queen—simple fare, a chop, rice pudding, a glass of claret and a pear. Such is a typical lunch at Buckingham Palace. In the afternoon the King may have to attend some function. He sees the Prince. He takes tea alone in his study. Reads, or takes a nap from 6 until 7. Dresses for dinner and dines at 8—with the Queen, and any guests who may have been invited.

Each day brings a different list of engagements, of course, but King George remains one of the hardest workers in the British Empire—although he really hates the job of being King. He once said to the Prince of Wales: "David, it's a full-time job being King; it's really too much for one man. I couldn't do it without your mother. Take care, my boy, that you pick yourself a Queen who's not afraid of hard work."

King George and the Prince of Wales are more than father and son—they are firm friends. I do not say this in loyalty to the Crown. It is a fact. The King of England has a great admiration for his eldest son, and although the Prince has a few good weaknesses, yet his father remembers when he, too, was young.

Besides the King and Queen, the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George have apartments at the Palace. They are, however, supervised by their royal mother, although attended for most of their wants by their own staff — valets, secretaries and equerries. One would not imagine that Buckingham Palace was the sort of place in which to stage a "whoopee party," but the youngest royal son, George, often gives very lively parties unbeknown to his mother. He has a full-size cocktail bar in his suite.

One night, Prince George entertained a number of naval officers who had previously been shipmates of his. They went to a theatre and afterward took some girls from the show back to Buckingham Palace; these young ladies lying on the floor of the Prince's cars, covered with rugs so that they would not be observed by the sentries on duty at the gates of the Palace.

Unfortunately, and very unusually, Queen Mary had a sudden desire to discuss with her youngest son a certain function he was to attend the following day as her deputy. Warning of Her Majesty's approach was flashed by house telephone to the Prince, and knowing what his royal mother would have to say about a "whoopee party" in her Palace—especially with ladies from a current "Follies" present—he hid them all in his bedroom, had the cocktail bar covered up and received his mother in a dressing gown, with a book in his hand.

She talked over with him the function for the following day, and was about to retire to her own apartments when she noticed the tip of a shoe—a feminine shoe—protruding from the portieres. She said nothing, but kissing her son a fond good-night left his suite. The party continued with much abandon. Half an hour later there came a tap at the door and one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting entered and handed Prince George a white fan, one of his mother's. Now there is a legend in English history of a Queen who always handed to the King's mistresses a white fan, when it came to her knowledge that the lady had occupied that position. The Prince understood the significance of his royal mother's implied disapproval. The party was broken up summarily.

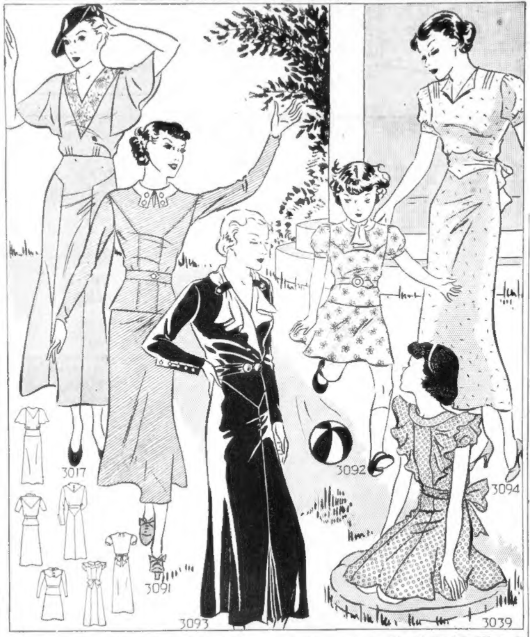
Queen Mary is a great Queen, but she is more than that—she is one of the cleverest diplomats in Europe, and knows considerably more about international affairs than even her royal husband does. One of her most carefully guarded secrets is her own private Secret Service which she maintains. This is composed of four officers, all aristocrats, who hold positions of trust in one or other of the Royal Households. When either of the Princes goes on a tour one of these officers is included "accidentally on purpose" in that Prince's suite, and the Queen is kept secretly informed of everything that takes place. Does the Prince of Wales take more than a passing interest in a pretty girl, no matter whether it be at the Embassy Club in London or the Orient Club of Shanghai—then his royal mother is informed of the fact by her Secret Service, and that young lady is watched and steps taken to prevent any scandal.

The majesty of monarchy must be retained unbesmirched at all costs—and yet why?

Royalty is human—intensely so. They have their weaknesses but why hide them under a bushel? I have always admired King Carol of Rumania because he has openly taken to himself a mistress, Magda Lupescu, the red-haired Jewess. In my next article I am going to reveal to you an intrigue, in which I was mixed up with this beautiful girl and her royal lover.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3017—AN AFTERNOON FROCK WITH A SLENDER POINTED YOKE AND A SLENDERIZING PANEL IN THE SKIRT. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric and ½ yard 27-inch lace.

Pattern 3091—FOR SCHOOL-GIRL AND SUB-DEB AGE. A TWO-PIECE FROCK WITH CLEVERLY CUT BODICE AND CHIC COLLAR. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch fabric and ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3093—STRAPS HOLD IN PLACE THE RIPPLED REVERS OF THIS MATRON'S FROCK. EXCELLENT FOR SATIN. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric and 1⅛ yards contrasting.

Pattern 3092—A CHILD'S FROCK, EASY TO MAKE AND PRETTY TO WEAR, IS YOKED BOTH SKIRT AND BODICE. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅜ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3094—FEMININE LINES AND A THRICE-POINTED GIRDLE IN AN EASY-TO-MAKE HOUSE FROCK. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3039—A CHARMING FROCK WITH RIPPLED SHOULDER FLARES AND CUNNING PUFFED SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBER AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for EACH pattern, and address your envelope to

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This new and perfected series of patterns which is appearing in The American Weekly is strictly up to the moment. The patterns are styled by an eminent fashion authority on the theory that true chic is simple. Any one—any one at all—can make them with the aid of the large diagrammed sewing chart which accompanies each pattern. PLEASE NOTE CAREFULLY THE ADDRESS TO WHICH THEY ARE TO BE SENT—and you can count upon speedy delivery.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

—Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

SPOTS AND STAINS?

Presto! They're gone!

CLOROX
Want to see something spectacular? Just try me on ink, fruit, berry, wine or medicine stains—even scorched spots and mildew! I make 'em disappear from white and color-fast cottons and linens as if by magic! But that's not all, I'm a germicide. As I work, I disinfect—an added safeguard to health. I'm economical, too—for mine is concentrated strength. You'll find me useful in kitchen, laundry and bathroom. Just read my label! Be sure of my name. I have no "double" . . . . There is only one
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Pure · Safe · Dependable
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PINTS
QUARTS

BLEACHES · REMOVES STAINS · DESTROYS ODORS · KILLS GERMS

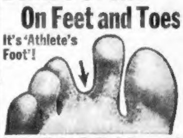
Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. Itching stops the moment Zemo touches the tender and inflamed skin because of its rare ingredients. To clear away Rashes, Pimples, Eczema, Ringworm and restore the skin to normal, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists, 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Beware Of Itch On Feet and Toes

It's 'Athlete's Foot'!



Immediate Relief Assured

The symptoms of ringworm infection, or so-called "Athlete's Foot," are unmistakable. They are—itching on feet, tiny blisters on toes, cracked, thick or white skin between the toes.

Lose no time in getting rid of this infection, as it can easily spread to other parts of the body. Make-shift remedies—"cures" for many conditions—merely prolong your misery. You will get relief at once with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.

This special ointment immediately ends intense itching; penetrates deeply into the infected tissues; quickly kills the germs.

Get a jar of Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at your drug, shoe or dept. store at once.

TO PREVENT RE-INFECTION of "Athlete's Foot"—sterilize your shoes with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Sterilizer. Destroys fungi, kills shoe odors caused by sweaty feet. 50¢.

Whitens!

Bring the touch of Springtime to your complexion. Lighten your skin and revive its youthful freshness with this charming, pearly-white appearance. Gently bleaches.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud
White · Flesh · Rachel and Oriental-Tan

Approved way to get rid of every trace of superfluous hair—50¢

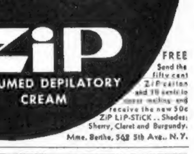
ZiP
PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

FREE
Send the fifty cent ZiP carton and 10 cents to cover mailing and receive the new 50¢ ZiP LiP-STiCK . . Shades: Sherry, Claret and Burgundy.
Mme. Berthe, 562 5th Ave., N. Y.

Look! "a head" to the future

Cuticura OINTMENT

aided by shampoos with Cuticura Soap, will keep the scalp healthy and prevent dandruff and itching scalp irritations which cause falling hair and baldness.
Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c. Sold at all druggists.



BALD MEN*

don't give up hope. If your hair roots are not dead but merely dormant, give your scalp a chance by stimulating the hair roots with Japanese Oil, the antiseptic counter-irritant. Thousands have reported astonishing results. Many who had given up in despair turned to Japanese Oil as a last resort, and have been rewarded with new hair growth. You owe it to yourself to try this highly successful preparation. You'll be amazed at the way it removes loose dandruff, stops scalp itch, and helps promote new, strong, healthy growth. 60c a bottle at any druggist in America. (Economy size, $1.)

FREE: Valuable book, "The Truth About the Hair." Write to:
NATIONAL REMEDY CO., Dept. 36A, 56 West 45th Street, New York

JAPANESE OIL

*This advertisement was reviewed and approved by a registered physician.

The Mating of Dan Yeo By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 14)

and which now rang like iron.

"Great day!" cried Ransome in astonishment. "You mean it? You've got spunk! Well——"

He laughed harshly as he swung his own pistol up to the sight. The action was probably no more than a threatening gesture, but the little man's reply was as swift as lightning.

The pistol in his left hand spat flame, and simultaneously, with the sound of the report came a startled oath from Ransome as his weapon dropped with a crash to the floor, whilst he wrung a bleeding hand.

"Gott in Himel!" ejaculated the stout Dutchman in amazement, whilst the American's hand made a swift movement in the direction of his tunic pocket.

"No!" said the little man, quietly mild once more. "Don't do that—please. I hate bloodshed, and the sight of a dead man upsets my nerves for days."

The man he addressed saw his eyes and suddenly decided to forego his purpose.

"One of Wisdom's children, I see!" The little man smiled with pleasant approval. "Just put your hands out of temptation, my friend. On the table, where I can see them. So! That will do very nicely. You must have been well brought up in your youth."

"Well brought up!" the American fairly spluttered. Then he asked wonderingly, "Say, who are you?"

"My name is Cardon, John A.——"

"Jack Cardon! A whippersnapper like you? Man, you're joshing——"

"I assure you, no!" said the little man earnestly.

"Mean to say you're Cardon of the Frigate Bird?"

"That is the name of my schooner," was the reply. "You seem to know all about me."

"All about—say, I didn't tumble to it that you were a pocket edition of a man——"

"There is no need to be offensive," said Mr. Cardon in mild expostulation. "Inches are not everything. You may have heard the anecdote of the late Dr. Watts——"

"Dr. Watts be shot!" interrupted the other. "I'm through. If you're Cardon I know when I'm beat. You can collect that ginger-headed giant——"

"Thank you for the permission, sir. . . Not that it is needed. I certainly shall do so. It is my code that one must back a friend in a tight corner—and my pride that I have never failed to do so. Say, you——"

His right hand moved very slightly, and the direction of one of the blue muzzles changed. His eyes flashed and he spoke a single word.

"Quit!"

The Chinese who still held Yeo hurried away from him. Cardon laughed softly. It was extraordinary how his mild manner and insignificant presence dominated the place.

"Against the wall!" he commanded cheerfully. "Face about! Line up. Palms against the bamboo. So! Very neatly done."

His imperious eyes looked round, and caught sight of Sun Kee with the glass case clutched to his breast as he had snatched it up to save it when Yeo had smashed the lamp. A look of curiosity came on his mild face.

"Say," he asked, "what have you got there?"

"A miracle in feathers," Yeo answered quickly. "Take a look at it, Cardon. You never saw the like. It's of the delicate stuff of dreams."

Cardon did not immediately look. His eyes flashed a glance at the pistol lying on the split bamboo floor almost at the wounded Ransome's feet, then he looked significantly at Yeo. The latter understood the meaning of that glance. Promptly he moved forward and retrieved the weapon. Then he stepped into line with his friend, and with pistol raised, mounted guard whilst Cardon addressed Sun Kee.

"Set it there—in the light of the lamp. That will do! Now stand back——"

"But you will not the wonder take-e, honorable sir. It is—"

"Stand back! I may hold up your old saloon, but I'm no lifter of other men's goods."

Sun Kee stood back on the instant, then a sharp whistle broke on the stillness of the room.

"Phew!"

A second later in a voice that revealed a measure of excitement such as he had not hitherto betrayed, he almost shouted, "The eighth wonder! Were did you get it? Tell me and I'll give you an instant discharge from this court."

Dan Yeo laughed.

"You'll never hear from him or any of this crowd, Cardon. They were baiting me because they thought I had the secret of the breeding place of that bird; of which as a matter of fact I know less than the man in the moon."

"So?" Cardon's voice had a soft, cooing note. "But someone knows, and he's going to tell—"

"No one here, Jack, I'll swear!"

"Then how did that bird get here?"

"Sun Kee there picked it up in a proa with a half-dead white woman who is his wife now. But the woman doesn't know the bearings of the place she came from, and Sun Kee is still in the dark."

"You believe that, Dan?"

"I was fighting for my life because he and the others didn't know, and had the notion that I did. They'd have third-degreed me if you hadn't happened along so luckily. So you can take it as gospel that neither Sun Kee nor any of the others know."

"Umph! I must believe you, Dan. But it is a thundering pity that none of them is aware of the bird's origin. I should like to have gone there. . . As it is, I think we'll leave these scallywags to clean up the mess here. I've a boat on the beach and the Frigate Bird is out in the bay. . . You're hurt, Dan—"

"Struck with a flying knife. Nothing to speak of."

"Good! Then just take charge of this crowd whilst I slip outside."

He left the veranda by the doorway which he had entered so unobtrusively a little while before, and with amusement dancing in his eyes. Yeo kept guard on the men, who but a few minutes ago had threatened his life. They stood, silent and discomfited. No one attempted to move and the expression on the Dutchman's face stirred Yeo to sudden laughter.

"A little bomb that one, hey, Mynheer."

"He is de devil!" grunted the Dutchman. "I would not half thought dat de great Cardon—"

"You can quit now, Dan."

Cardon's voice came from the other side of the mosquito net, and glancing in the direction from which the sound came, Yeo saw a bulge in the curtain made by a pistol muzzle thrust against it.

Dan Yeo laughed again. "Good-night, gentleman. You won't move I know. Jack Cardon is a dandy shot, I've seen him hit a humming bird on the wing and what he would do if you started him, heaven knows. Clean out the whole caboose. expect."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Soft Cooked Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Noodles with Egg and Cheese, Tomatoes or Tomato Salad, Fruit Compote, Hermits, Iced Tea. *Dinner* Beef Casserole with Potatoes, Peas, Celery and Carrots, Green Bouquet Salad, Fruit French Dressing, Butterscotch Bread Pudding with Butterscotch Sauce.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, French Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Pepperpot Soup, Pear and Cream Cheese Salad, French Rolls, Iced Punch. *Dinner* Pan Fried Liver and Bacon, Riced Potatoes, Raw Cauliflower, Tomato and Black Olive Salad, Cornstarch Blancmange with Berry Sauce.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Peppers Stuffed with Macaroni, Buttered Lima Beans, Chicory Salad, French Dressing, Apple Sauce, Cereal Macaroons. *Dinner* Veal Loaf with Brown Gravy, Homemade Pickles, Celery, Twice Baked Potatoes, Steamed Turnips, Peach Cabinet Pudding.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Creamed Dried Beef, Tea Biscuits, Coffee. *Luncheon* Poached Eggs on Spinach with Hollandaise Sauce, Potatoes, French Rolls, Prunes in Orange Jelly with Marshmallow Sauce. *Dinner* Cold Veal Loaf, Vegetables in Casserole, Shredded Cabbage and Grated Carrot Salad, Mocha Custard with Mocha Sauce.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Reheated Rolls, Mystery Marmalade, Coffee. *Luncheon* Squash Souffle, Corn on the Cob, French Bread, Waffles with Fruit Sauce. *Dinner* White Fish with Shrimps and Cream Sauce, Paprika Potatoes, Asparagus Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Trifle, Sponge Drops, Date Bars.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Pancakes, Broiled Bacon, Coffee. *Luncheon* Frozen Tomato Cocktail, Baked Beans, Mustard Pickles, Brown Bread, Dried Apricot Whip, Honey Cookies. *Dinner* Fricassee of Lamb, Paprika Biscuits, Steamed Onions, Chicory and Lettuce Salad, Lemon Mayonnaise, Orange Chiffon Pie.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon, Muffins, Coffee. *Dinner* Minute Steak, Steamed Rice, Diced Carrots and Green Peas, Apple Salad in White Cabbage Shell, Cup Cakes with Sliced Peaches and Frozen Whipped Cream. *Supper* Savory Spaghetti or Spaghetti Salad, Graham Bread, Fruit Compote, Mystery Cake, Iced Punch.

LIPTON
Nothing so cooling and refreshing as LIPTON'S Iced TEA

She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

you, to care for you always." His embrace had tightened. He was almost crushing her.

"But, Bob, what about the girl you're engaged to, Ann Quinn?" she protested faintly.

"That's all off. I told her so last night. I told her I was in love with you, that I could never marry her now, and she understood."

"You've broken off your engagement because of me," her voice was faint, rather scared-sounding suddenly. "Oh, Bob, why did you?"

CHAPTER XX.

Freda Accepts.

HE held her a little away from him, frowning down at her. "But, Freda, you knew I was going to. Don't you remember we discussed it before you came down to our place this week-end? At least you said if I hadn't been engaged you might... Freda," he shook her a little in his agitation, "you did mean it, didn't you? Oh, I could not bear it if you didn't mean it!"

His voice was rough and shaken. He had been through so much for her, she must love him now. It hadn't been easy to break with Ann. It was probably the hardest thing he had ever done.

Driving up in the car, when he had thought he was thinking of Freda, and what had become of her, he had found he was thinking of Ann. Seeing her as he had last seen her, standing in the long driveway that led up to her people's house, the elm trees that guarded it forming a dark, ermine-edged background. She had seemed so small standing there, her face whitened by the moonlight, her hair gleaming unnaturally black.

"No, I don't mind—not much, Bob," she had said, and though he tried to, he couldn't quite believe that she hadn't minded. She had smiled, too, and waved him good-by. Had she done that for the sake of her pride, or because she really didn't care?

He hadn't enjoyed quarreling with his father, either. They had always been such pals. But he would have quarreled with the whole world for Freda's sake. His love for her was a crying insatiable need.

"You will marry me, Freda?" he persisted. "You do love me, don't you? I'd do anything in the world for you. I can't think of anyone, anything but you."

His voice choked. He held her tighter, kissing her face, her hair, her eyes. Kissing her as though by the very strength of his own love he would force her to love him. And Freda lay in his arms and allowed herself to be kissed.

Momentarily his love stemmed that awful tide of loneliness that had been engulfing her all morning. She was so tired of fighting the world, she longed to be taken care of.

"I'm thirty, Bob," she said suddenly. "I was thirty the day before yesterday. Does that make any difference?"

He raised her chin with his fingers, smiled down at her and kissed her lips.

"The only difference it makes is I'm annoyed you didn't tell me. I'd like to have given you a present. Why didn't you tell me?"

She smiled faintly. "Thirty seems such a mile-stone. A girl doesn't exactly want to boast about it."

"Thirty, that's nothing," he scoffed.

"How old are you, Bob?" she inquired.

"Twenty-four," he lied, and grumbled hastily for fear she should catch him in his lie. "What's all this talk about age, anyhow? As though age made any difference. It's what you feel that matters. And I feel you're about ten years younger than I am, you silly little sweetheart. It's great you're going to marry me. Oh, darling, it's the greatest thing in the whole world!"

He led her into the sitting room, made her lie down on the couch and insisted upon going into the brightly-painted kitchenette and making her tea and toast. He wouldn't allow her to help him.

"No, you're tired," he said. "Poor darling, you look all worn out. You can't have got much sleep last night."

"You didn't get any at all, Bob," she reminded him. "You must be tired out yourself."

"Tired out?" He threw back his head and gave a great shout of laughter. "It would take more than just losing a night's sleep to tire me out!"

She glanced up at him, so full of youthful zest and vitality. Yes, she supposed it would take a lot to tire him out. Would she be able to keep pace with him? If she was very tired, like she was today, would he mind if she showed it? Would he, after the first flush of his passion had worn off, grow impatient with her?

He was gentleness itself with her now, but it wasn't now, but ten years ahead she must look to. Still, he was naturally kind. So different, she thought, with the old bitterness rising in her again, from his father!

"You're awfully sweet, Bob," she said suddenly. He was waiting upon her with all the tenderness and consideration of a woman. "You mustn't spoil me too much."

He dropped on his knees before her and taking both her hands in his he bent and kissed the soft palms.

"Who wouldn't spoil you, my precious. You're so adorable. Tell me when we can be married. Tomorrow? The next day?"

She laughed, probably to banish a queer sense of fear that had suddenly gripped her. Yet why should she be afraid of marrying Bob soon, since she had promised to anyhow?

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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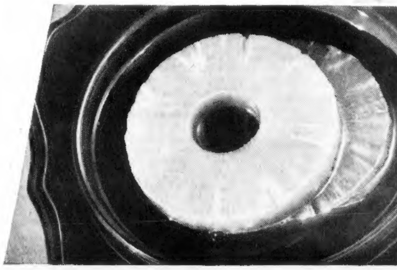
Eat 2 slices every day for summer energy

Authorities tell you much of your summer energy should come from the protective foods—and the cooling goodness of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple gives it a high place among such foods. Scientific research has shown that Hawaiian Pineapple supplies not one, but *many* of the protective elements. Vitamins A, B and C. Food-iron needed by the blood; copper; the alkaline effect of other minerals. The important thing is that you get these diet values *in addition* to energy.

Thousands are getting quick summer energy from a daily serving of two slices of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple. Keep several cans—in your refrigerator if you wish. Use pineapple for quick desserts, in salads, as an appetizer. Get its *many values* every day.

"GREAT IDEA, ANNE, HAVING PINEAPPLE. ESPECIALLY IN WEATHER LIKE THIS."
"IT IS REFRESHING; AND THEY SAY IT'S WISE TO GET SUMMER ENERGY FROM PROTECTIVE FOODS."



Two slices or a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits is the recommended daily serving.

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